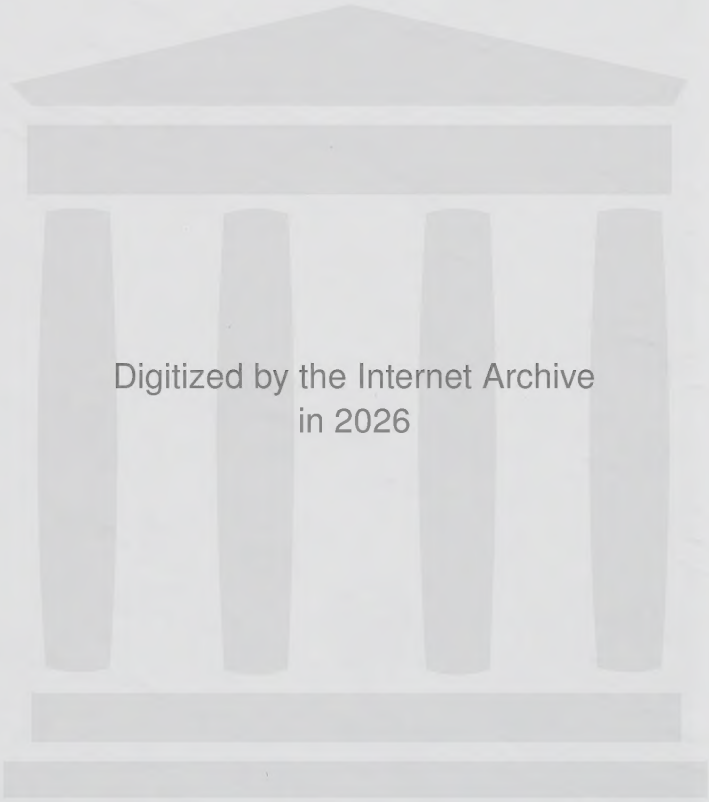
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THE SERMONS of Mr YORICK

Volume I

By Laurence Sterne

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THE SERMONS OF MR. YORICK *were published originally in seven small octavo volumes which appeared as follows: vols. I, II were published by* Dodsley, *May* 22, 1760, *but the title-pages were undated; vols. III, IV, were published by* Becket and De Hondt, *Jan.* 22, 1766; *vols. V, VI, VII, printed for* W. Strahan; T. Cadell, Successor to Mr. Millar; and T. Beckett and Co. in the Strand, *June* 10, 1769.

The text which has been here adopted is that of the original editions, with the exception of vols. I and II, which are reprinted from the fourth edition of those two volumes, published by Dodsley, *in* 1761. *Other editions have also been consulted, and in a few instances, the punctuation has been very slightly modified, but no attempt has been made to correct any vagaries of the spelling that are not obviously misprints. Although the text is now printed in two volumes, the original division into seven volumes has been preserved in its arrangement. The editor has ventured to supply titles to those few sermons, in the later volumes, which were ushered into the world without any.*

PREFACE

THE sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, having been offered to the world as a sermon of *Yorick*'s, I hope the most serious reader will find nothing to offend him, in my continuing these two volumes under the same title: lest it should be otherwise, I have added a second title page with the real name of the author:—the first will serve the bookseller's purpose, as *Yorick*'s name is possibly of the two the more known;—and the second will ease the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant.

I suppose it is needless to inform the publick, that the reason of printing these sermons, arises altogether from the favourable reception, which the sermon given as a sample of them in TRISTRAM SHANDY, met with from the world;—That sermon was printed by itself some years ago, but could find neither purchasers nor readers, so that I apprehended little hazard from a promise I made upon its republication, "That if the sermon was liked, these should be also at the world's service;" which, to be as good as my word, they here are, and I pray to GOD, they may do it the service I wish. I have little to say in their behalf, except this, that not one of them was composed with any thoughts of being printed;—they have been hastily written, and carry the marks of it along with them.—This may be no recommendation;—I mean it however as such; for as the sermons turn chiefly upon philanthropy, and those kindred virtues to it, upon which hang all the law and the prophets, I trust

they will be no less felt, or worse received, for the evidence they bear, of proceeding more from the heart than the head. I have nothing to add, but that the reader, upon old and beaten subjects, must not look for many new thoughts,—'tis well if he has new language; in three or four passages, where he has neither the one nor the other, I have quoted the author I made free with—there are some other passages, where I suspect I may have taken the same liberty,—but 'tis only suspicion, for I do not remember it is so, otherwise I should have restored them to their proper owners, so that I put it in here more as a general saving, than from a consciousness of having much to answer for upon that score: in this however, and every thing else, which I offer, or shall offer to the world, I rest, with a heart much at ease, upon the protection of the humane and candid, from whom I have received many favours, for which I beg leave to return them thanks—thanks.

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SERMONS BY LAURENCE STERNE

A.M. Prebendary of York, and Vicar
of Sutton on the Forest, and of
Stillington near York

VOL. I.

SERMON I.

INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

PSALM IV. 5, 6.

There be many that say, who will shew us any good?—Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it, as for hid treasure;——courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists—runs after and enquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way *Who will shew him any good?*—who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

He is told by one, to search for it amongst the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see, at once painted in her looks.

A second, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the enquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there;—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expence of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The miser blesses GOD!—wonders how any one

would mislead, and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof;—that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwelling of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in the senses—he sends the enquirer there;—tells him 'tis in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it———in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter———he may trust the word of a much wiser man who has assured us———that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour———for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world,—shews him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his for-

tune and raising himself to honour,——lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered and followed?

To close all, the philosopher meets him buſtling in the full career of this purſuit—ſtops him—tells him, if he is in ſearch of happiness, he is far gone out of his way.

That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no reſt found for her, and was fled into ſolitude far from all commerce of the world; and in a word, if he would find her, he muſt leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at firſt set out.

In this circle too often does man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down weary and dissatisfied with them all at laſt—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to truſt to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

In this uncertain and perplexed ſtate————without knowledge which way to turn or where to betake ourselves for refuge————ſo often abused and deceived by the many who pretend thus to shew us any good——LORD! says the psalmiſt, Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us. Send us some rays of thy grace and heavenly wisdom, in this benighted search after happiness, to direct us safely to it. O GOD! let us not wander for ever without a guide in this dark region in endless purſuit

of our mistaken good, but enlighten our eyes that we sleep not in death——open to them the comforts of thy holy word and religion————lift up the light of thy countenance upon us,—and make us know the joy and satisfaction of living in the true faith and fear of Thee, which only can carry us to this haven of rest where we would be—that sure haven, where true joys are to be found, which will at length not only answer all our expectations—but satisfy the most unbounded of our wishes for ever and ever.

The words thus opened, naturally reduce the remaining part of the discourse under two heads.—The first part of the verse—"there be many that say, who will shew us any good"—To make some reflections upon the insufficiency of most of our enjoyments towards the attainment of happiness, upon some of the most received plans on which 'tis generally sought.

The examination of which will lead us up to the source, and true secret of all happiness, suggested to us in the latter part of the verse—"LORD! lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us"—that there can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance of GOD's grace and Holy Spirit to direct our lives in the true pursuit of it.

Let us enquire into the Disappointments of human happiness, on some of the most received plans on which 'tis generally sought for and expected, by the bulk of mankind.

There is hardly any subject more exhausted, or which

at one time or other has afforded more matter for argument and declamation, than this one, of the insufficiency of our enjoyments. Scarce a reformed sensualist from Solomon down to our own days, who has not in some fits of repentance or disappointment uttered some sharp reflection upon the emptiness of human pleasure, and of the vanity of vanities which discovers itself in all the pursuits of mortal man.—But the mischief has been, that though so many good things have been said, they have generally had the fate to be considered either as the overflowings of disgust from sated appetites which could no longer relish the pleasures of life, or as the declamatory opinions of recluse and splenetic men who had never tasted them at all, and consequently were thought no judges of the matter. So that 'tis no great wonder, if the greatest part of such reflections, however just in themselves and founded on truth and a knowledge of the world, are found to leave little impression where the imagination was already heated with great expectations of future happiness; and that the best lectures that have been read upon the vanity of the world, so seldom stop a man in the pursuit of the object of his desire, or give him half the conviction, that the possession of it will, and what the experience of his own life, or a careful observation upon the life of others, do at length generally confirm to us all.

Let us endeavour then to try the cause upon this issue; and instead of recurring to the common arguments or taking any one's word in the case, let us trust to matter of fact; and if, upon enquiry, it appears that the actions of mankind are not to be accounted for upon any other principle, but this of the insufficiency of our enjoyments, 'twill go further towards the establishment of the truth of

this part of the discourse, than a thousand speculative arguments which might be offered upon the occasion.

Now if we take a survey of the life of man from the time he is come to reason, to the latest decline of it in old age—we shall find him engaged, and generally hurried on in such a succession of different pursuits, and different opinions of things, through the different stages of his life—as will admit of no explication, but this, that he finds no rest for the sole of his foot, on any of the plans where he has been led to expect it.

The moment he is got loose from tutors and governors, and is left to judge for himself, and pursue this scheme his own way—his first thoughts are generally full of the mighty happiness which he is going to enter upon, from the free enjoyment of the pleasures in which he sees others of his age and fortune engaged.

In consequence of this—take notice, how his imagination is caught by every glittering appearance that flatters this expectation.—Observe what impressions are made upon his senses, by diversions, music, dress and beauty—and how his spirits are upon the wing, flying in pursuit of them; that you would think he could never have enough.

Leave him to himself a few years, till the edge of appetite is worn down—and you will scarce know him again. You will find him entered into engagements, and setting up for a man of business and conduct, talking of no other happiness but what centers in projects of making the most of this world, and providing for his children, and

children's children after them. Examine his notions, he will tell you, that the gayer pleasures of youth, are fit only for those who know not how to dispose of themselves and time to better advantage. That however fair and promising they might appear to a man unpractised in them—they were no better than a life of folly and impertinence, and so far from answering your expectations of happiness, 'twas well if you escaped without pain.—That in every experiment he had tried, he had found more bitter than sweet, and for the little pleasure one could snatch—it too often left a terrible sting behind it: Besides, did the balance lie on the other side, he would tell you, there could be no true satisfaction where a life runs on in so giddy a circle, out of which a wise man should extricate himself as soon as he can, that he may begin to look forwards.—That it becomes a man of character and consequence to lay aside childish things, to take care of his interests, to establish the fortune of his family, and place it out of want and dependance: and in a word, if there is such a thing as happiness upon earth, it must consist in the accomplishment of this;—and for his own part, if GOD should prosper his endeavours so as to be worth such a sum, or to be able to bring such a point to bear—he shall be one of the happiest of the sons of men.—In full assurance of this, on he drudges—plots—contrives—rises early—late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness, till at length, by hard labour and perseverance, he has reached, if not outgone the object he had first in view.—When he has got thus far—if he is a plain and sincere man, he will make no scruple to acknowledge truly, what alteration he has found in himself—if you ask him—he will tell you, that his imagination painted something before his eyes, the reality of which he has not yet attained to: that with all

the accumulation of his wealth, he neither lives the merrier, sleeps the sounder, or has less care and anxiety upon his spirits, than at his first setting out.

Perhaps, you'll say, some dignity, honour, or title only is wanting—Oh! could I accomplish that, as there would be nothing left then for me to wish, good GOD! how happy should I be? 'tis still the same—the dignity or title —though they crown his head with honour—add not one cubit to his happiness. Upon summing up the account, all is found to be seated merely in the imagination —The faster he has pursued, the faster the phantom fled before him, and to use the Satyrist's comparison of the chariot wheels,—haste as they will, they must for ever keep the same distance.

But what? though I have been thus far disappointed in my expectations of happiness from the possession of riches—"Let me try, whether I shall not meet with it, in the spending and fashionable enjoyment of them."

Behold! I will get me down, and make me great works, and build me houses, and plant me vineyards, and make me gardens and pools of water. And I will get me servants and maidens, and whatsoever my eyes desire, I will not keep from them.

In prosecution of this—he drops all gainful pursuits ——withdraws himself from the busy part of the world —realizes—pulls down—builds up again.—Buys statues, pictures—plants—and plucks up by the roots—levels mountains—and fills up vallies—turns rivers into dry ground, and dry ground into rivers.——Says unto

this man, go, and he goeth, and unto another, do this, and he doeth it,—and whatsoever his soul lusteth after of this kind, he withholds not from it. When every thing is thus planned by himself, and executed according to his wish and direction, surely he is arrived to the accomplishment of his wishes, and has got to the summit of all human happiness?—Let the most fortunate adventurers in this way, answer the question for him, and say—how often it rises higher than a bare and simple amusement—and well, if you can compound for that—since 'tis often purchased at so high a price, and so soured by a mixture of other incidental vexations, as to become too often a work of repentance, which in the end will extort the same sorrowful confession from him, which it did from Solomon, in the like case.—Lo! I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do—and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit —and there was no profit to me under the sun.

To inflame this account the more—'twill be no miracle, if upon casting it up, he has gone farther lengths than he first intended, run into expences which have entangled his fortune, and brought himself into such difficulties as to make way for the last experiment he can try—and that is to turn miser, with no happiness in view but what is to rise out of the little designs of a sordid mind, set upon saving and scraping up, all he has injudiciously spent.

In this last stage—behold him a poor trembling wretch, shut up from all mankind———sinking into utter contempt; spending careful days and sleepless nights in pursuit of what a narrow and contracted heart can never enjoy:—And let us here leave him to the conviction he

will one day find—That there is no end of his labour—That his eyes will never be satisfied with riches, or will say—For whom do I labour and bereave myself of reſt?—This is also a sore travel.

I believe this is no uncommon picture of the disappointments of human life—and the manner our pleasures and enjoyments slip from under us in every ſtage of our life. And though I would not be thought by it, as if I was denying the reality of pleasures, or disputing the being of them, any more, than one would the reality of pain—yet I muſt observe on this head, that there is a plain diſtinction to be made betwixt pleasure and happiness. For tho' there can be no happiness without pleasure—yet the converse of the proposition will not hold true.—We are so made, that from the common gratifications of our appetites, and the impressions of a thousand objects, we snatch the one, like a transient gleam, without being suffered to taſte the other, and enjoy that perpetual sunshine and fair weather which conſtantly attend it. This, I contend, is only to be found in religion—in the consciousness of virtue—and the sure and certain hopes of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments—because the expectation of it is built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven and hell.

And tho' in our pilgrimage through this world—some of us may be so fortunate as to meet with some clear fountains by the way, that may cool, for a few moments, the heat of this great thirſt of happiness—yet our Saviour, who knew the world, tho' he enjoyed but little of it, tells us, that whosoever drinketh of this water will thirſt again:

—and we all find by experience it is so, and by reason that it always must be so.

I conclude with a short observation upon Solomon's evidence in this case.

Never did the busy brain of a lean and hectick chymist search for the philosopher's stone with more pains and ardour than this great man did after happiness.—He was one of the wisest enquirers into nature—had tried all her powers and capacities, and after a thousand vain speculations and vile experiments, he affirmed at length, it lay hid in no one thing he had tried—like the chymick's projections, all had ended in smoak, or what was worse, in vanity and vexation of spirit:—the conclusion of the whole matter was this—that he advises every man who would be happy, to fear GOD and keep his commandments.

SERMON II.

THE HOUSE OF FEASTING AND THE HOUSE OF MOURNING DESCRIBED.

ECCLESIASTES VII. 2, 3.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.—

THAT I deny—but let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it—*for that* is *the end of all men, and the living* will *lay it to* his *heart: sorrow is better than laughter* ——for a crack'd-brain'd order of Carthusian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world: For what purpose, do you imagine, has GOD made us? for the social sweets of the well-watered vallies where he has planted us, or for the dry and dismal deserts of a *Sierra Morena?* are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them,—belye our own hearts, and say, as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy? did the Best of Beings send us into the world for this end—to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten a life short and vexatious enough already? do you think, my good preacher, that he who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments? or that a being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller, the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage? or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard justlings he is sure to meet with? Consider, I beseech you,

what provision and accommodation, the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way sorrowing——how many caravanseras of reſt—what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it—what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us;—some of which he has made so fair, so exquisitely fitted for this end, that they have power over us for a time to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.

I will not contend at present againſt this rhetorick; I would choose rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and say we are travellers, and, in the moſt affecting sense of that idea, that like travellers, though upon business of the laſt and neareſt concern to us, may surely be allowed to amuse ourselves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are sent upon; and if we can so order it, as not to be led out of the way, by the variety of proſpects, edifices, and ruins which solicit us, it would be a nonsensical piece of saint errantry to shut our eyes.

But let us not lose sight of the argument in pursuit of the simile.

Let us remember, various as our excursions are,—that we have ſtill set our faces towards Jerusalem—that we have a place of reſt and happiness, towards which we haſten, and that the way to get there is not so much to please our hearts, as to improve them in virtue;—that mirth and feaſting are usually no friends to atchievements of this

kind—but that a season of affliction is in some sort a season of piety———not only because our sufferings are apt to put us in mind of our sins, but that by the check and interruption which they give to our pursuits, they allow us what the hurry and bustle of the world too often deny us,—and that is, a little time for reflection, which is all that most of us want to make us wiser and better men;—that at certain times it is so necessary a man's mind should be turned towards itself, that rather than want occasions, he had better purchase them at the expence of his present happiness.—He had better, as the text expresses it, *go to the house of mourning*, where he will meet with something to subdue his passions, than to the house of feasting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them:—That whereas the entertainments and caresses of the one place, expose his heart and lay it open to temptations—the sorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally shut them from it. So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way which can only lead him to the accomplishment of his own wishes!

This is the full force of the wise man's declaration.—But to do farther justice to his words, I will endeavour to bring the subject still nearer.—For which purpose, it will be necessary to stop here, and take a transient view of the two places here referred to,—the house of mourning, and the house of feasting. Give me leave therefore, I beseech you, to recall both of them for a moment, to your imaginations, that from thence I may appeal to your hearts, how faithfully, and upon what good grounds, the effects and

natural operations of each upon our minds are intimated in the text.

And first, let us look into the house of feasting.

And here, to be as fair and candid as possible in the description of this, we will not take it from the worst originals, such as are opened merely for the sale of virtue, and so calculated for the end, that the disguise each is under not only gives power safely to drive on the bargain, but safely to carry it into execution too.

This we will not suppose to be the case—nor let us even imagine, the house of feasting, to be such a scene of intemperance and excess, as the house of feasting does often exhibit;—but let us take it from one, as little exceptionable as we can—where there is, or at least appears nothing really criminal———but where every thing seems to be kept within the visible bounds of moderation and sobriety.

Imagine then such a house of feasting, where either by consent or invitation a number of each sex is drawn together for no other purpose but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will suppose shall arise from no other pleasures but what custom authorises, and religion does not absolutely forbid.

Before we enter———let us examine, what must be the sentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we shall find that however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one seems to agree in this———that as he is going to a house dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he should divest himself of

whatever was likely to contradict that intention, or be inconsistent with it.——That for this purpose, he had left his cares—his serious thoughts——and his moral reflections behind him, and was come forth from home with only such dispositions and gaiety of heart as suited the occasion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be supposed, since it will amount to no more than a desire in each to render himself an acceptable guest, ——let us conceive them entering into the house of feasting, with hearts set loose from grave restraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleasure. It is not necessary, as I premised, to bring intemperance into this scene —or to suppose such an excess in the gratification of the appetites as shall ferment the blood and set the desires in a flame:—Let us admit no more of it therefore, than will gently stir them, and fit them for the impressions which so benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this disposition thus wrought upon beforehand and already improved to this purpose,—take notice, how mechanically the thoughts and spirits rise—how soon, and insensibly, they are got above the pitch and first bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded—when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within, to betray him, and put him off his defence—when music likewise has lent her aid, and tried her power upon his passions,—when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women with the sound of the viol and the lute have broke in upon his soul, and in

some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart —see how vain! how weak! how empty a thing it is! Look through its several recesses,—those pure mansions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue—sad spectacle! Behold those fair inhabitants now dispossessed—turned out of their sacred dwellings to make room ——for what?—at the best for levity and indiscretion—perhaps for folly—it may be for more impure guests, which possibly in so general a riot of the mind and senses may take occasion to enter unsuspected at the same time.

In a scene and disposition thus described—can the most cautious say—thus far shall my desires go——and no farther? or will the coolest and most circumspect say, when pleasure has taken full possession of his heart, that no thought nor purpose shall arise there, which he would have concealed?—In those loose and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command—in spite of reason and reflection, it will forceably carry him sometimes whither he would not—like the unclean spirit, in the parent's sad description of his child's case, which took him, and oft-times cast him into the fire to destroy him, and wheresoever it taketh him, it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll say, is the worst account of what the mind may suffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable suppositions? ——that numbers by exercise and custom to such encounters, learn gradually to despise and triumph over them;—that the minds of many are not so susceptible of

warm impressions, or so badly fortified againſt them, that pleasure should easily corrupt or soften them;—that it would be hard to suppose, of the great multitudes which daily throng and press into this house of feaſting, but that numbers come out of it again, with all the innocence with which they entered;—and that if both sexes are included in the computation, what *fair* examples shall we see of many of so pure and chaſte a turn of mind—that the house of feaſting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought, or awaken an inclination which virtue need to blush at—or which the moſt scrupulous conscience might not support. GOD forbid we should say otherwise:—no doubt, numbers of all ages escape unhurt, and get off this dangerous sea without shipwreck. Yet, are they not to be reckoned amongſt the more fortunate adventurers?—and though one would absolutely prohibit the attempt, or be so cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, since there are so many, I suppose, who cannot well do otherwise, and whose condition and situation in life unavoidably force them upon it—yet we may be allowed to describe this fair and flattering coaſt—we may point out the unsuspected dangers of it, and warn the unwary passenger, where they lie. We may shew him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiser and better it would be (as is implied in the text) to seek occasions rather to improve his little ſtock of virtue than incautiously expose it to so unequal a chance, where the beſt he can hope is to return safe with what treasure he carried out—but where probably, he may be so unfortunate as to lose it all—be loſt himself, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the house of feasting; which by the way, though generally open at other times of the year throughout the world, is supposed in christian countries, now every where to be universally shut up. And, in truth, I have been more full in my cautions against it, not only as reason requires,——but in reverence to this season[1] wherein our church exacts a more particular forbearance and self-denial in this point, and thereby adds to the restraints upon pleasure and entertainments which this representation of things has suggested against them already.

Here then, let us turn aside, from this gay scene; and suffer me to take you with me for a moment to one much fitter for your meditation. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where perhaps, the aged parents sit broken hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child —the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting scene —a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them —is now piteously borne down at the last——overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them,—unable,

[1] Preached in *Lent*.

from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look.—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,———they catch likewise our attentions,—collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject. By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther?—and from considering, what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be?—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity.

If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle —a kind and an indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless——snatched away in the strength of his age——torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which when the debt of nature is payed, we are called upon to pay each other.

If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! in this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we, in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations——could we see it naked as it is—stripped of all its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause, upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not

made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning?—not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow I own has no use, but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Consider what has been said, and may GOD of his mercy bless you. Amen.

SERMON III.

PHILANTHROPY RECOMMENDED.

LUKE x. 36, 37.

Which now of these three, thinkeſt thou, was neighbour unto him that fell amongſt the thieves?—And he said, he that ſhewed mercy on him. Then ſaid Jeſus unto him—Go, and do thou likewiſe.

IN the foregoing verſes of this chapter, the Evangeliſt relates, that a certain lawyer ſtood up and tempted JESUS, ſaying, Maſter, what ſhall I do to inherit eternal life?——To which enquiry, our SAVIOUR, as his manner was, when any enſnaring queſtion was put to him, which he ſaw proceeded more from a deſign to entangle him, than an honeſt view of getting information—inſtead of giving a direct anſwer which might afford a handle to malice, or at beſt ſerve only to gratify an impertinent humour—he immediately retorts the queſtion upon the man who aſked it, and unavoidably puts him upon the neceſſity of anſwering himſelf;—and as in the preſent caſe, the particular profeſſion of the enquirer, and his ſuppoſed general knowledge of all other branches of learning, left no room to ſuſpect, he could be ignorant of the true anſwer to his queſtion, and eſpecially of what every one knew was delivered upon that head by their great Legiſlator, our SAVIOUR therefore refers him to his own memory of what he had found there in the courſe of his ſtudies.—What is written in the law, how readeſt thou?—Upon which the inquirer reciting the general heads of our duty to GOD and MAN as delivered in the 18th of Leviticus and the 6th of Deuteronomy,——

namely———*That we should worship the Lord our God with all our hearts, and love our neighbour as ourselves;* our blessed SAVIOUR tells him, he had answered right, and if he followed that lesson, he could not fail of the blessing he seemed desirous to inherit.———*This do and thou shalt live.*

But he, as the context tells us, willing to justify himself ———willing possibly to gain more credit in the conference, or hoping perhaps to hear such a partial and narrow definition of the word *neighbour* as would suit his own principles, and justify some particular oppressions of his own, or those of which his whole order lay under an accusation—says unto JESUS in the 29th verse———*And who is my neighbour?* Though the demand at first sight may seem utterly trifling, yet was it far from being so in fact. For according as you understood the term in a more or a less restrained sense—it produced many necessary variations in the duties you owed from that relation.—Our blessed SAVIOUR, to rectify any partial and pernicious mistake in this matter, and place at once this duty of the love of our neighbour upon its true bottom of philanthropy and universal kindness, makes answer to the proposed question, not by any far-fetched refinement from the schools of the Rabbies, which might have sooner silenced than convinced the man—but by a direct appeal to human nature in an instance he relates of a man falling among thieves, left in the greatest distress imaginable, till by chance a Samaritan, an utter stranger, coming where he was, by an act of great goodness and compassion, not only relieved him at present, but took him under his protection, and generously provided for his future safety.

On the close of which engaging account—our SAVIOUR appeals to the man's own heart in the first verse of the text—*Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell amongst the thieves?* and instead of drawing the inference himself, leaves him to decide in favour of so noble a principle so evidently founded in mercy.—The lawyer, struck with the truth and justice of the doctrine, and frankly acknowledging the force of it, our blessed SAVIOUR concludes the debate with a short admonition, that he would practise what he had approved—and go, and imitate that fair example of universal benevolence which it had set before him.

In the remaining part of the discourse I shall follow the same plan; and therefore shall beg leave to enlarge first upon the story itself, with such reflections as will rise from it; and conclude, as our SAVIOUR has done, with the same exhortation to kindness and humanity which so naturally falls from it.

A certain man, says our SAVIOUR, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and departed, leaving him half dead. There is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion,

abstracted from all considerations of self: so that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and, *were* it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of our nature without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it.—I say, one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection at all with the species.

Of this character, our SAVIOUR produces two disgraceful instances in the behaviour of a priest and a levite, whom in this account he represents as coming to the place where the unhappy man was;—both passing by without either stretching forth a hand to assist, or uttering a word to comfort him in his distress.

And by chance there came down a certain priest!—merciful GOD! that a teacher of thy religion should ever want humanity———or that a man whose head might be thought full of the one, should have a heart void of the other!—This however was the case before us—and

though in theory one would scarce suspect that the least pretence to religion and an open disregard to so main a part of it, could ever meet together in one person;—yet in fact it is no fictitious character.

Look into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch, whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor to the left———but plods on ———pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him;———or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—like the man here represented, *devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into upon the occasion.

There is but one stroke wanting in this picture of an unmerciful man to render the character utterly odious, and that our SAVIOUR gives it in the following instance he relates upon it. And likewise, says he, *a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked at him.* It was not a transient oversight, the hasty or ill advised neglect of an unconsidering humour, with which the best disposed are sometimes overtaken, and led on beyond the point where otherwise they would have wished to stop.—No!—on

the contrary, it had all the aggravation of a deliberate act of insensibility proceeding from a hard heart. When he was at the place, he came, and looked at him,—considered his misfortunes, gave time for reason and nature to have awoke—saw the imminent danger he was in—and the pressing necessity of immediate help, which so violent a case called aloud for;—and after all—turned aside and unmercifully left him to all the distresses of his condition.

In all unmerciful actions, the worst of men pay this compliment at least to humanity, as to endeavour to wear as much of the appearance of it, as the case will well let them;—so that in the hardest acts a man shall be guilty of, he has some motives, true or false, always ready to offer, either to satisfy himself or the world, and, GOD knows, too often to impose both upon the one and the other. And therefore it would be no hard matter here to give a probable guess at what passed in the Levite's mind in the present case, and shew, was it necessary, by what kind of casuistry he settled the matter with his conscience as he passed by, and guarded all the passages to his heart against the inroads which pity might attempt to make upon the occasion.———But it is painful to dwell long upon this disagreeable part of the story; I therefore hasten to the concluding incident of it, which is so amiable that one cannot easily be too copious in reflections upon it.——— And behold, says our SAVIOUR, a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him—and went to him—bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine—set him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn and took care of him. I suppose, it will be scarce necessary here to remind you

that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans—an old religious grudge—the worst of all grudges, had wrought such a dislike between both people, that they held themselves mutually discharged not only from all offices of friendship and kindness, but even from the most common acts of courtesy and good manners. This operated so strongly in our SAVIOUR's time, that the woman of Samaria seemed astonished that he, being a Jew, should *ask* water of her who was a Samaritan;—so that with such a prepossession, however distressful the case of the unfortunate man was, and how reasonably soever he might plead for pity from another man, there was little aid or consolation to be looked for from so unpromising a quarter. *Alas! after I have been twice passed by, neglected by men of my own nation and religion, bound by so many ties to assist me, left here friendless and unpitied both by a Priest and Levite, men whose profession and superior advantages of knowledge could not leave them in the dark in what manner they should discharge this debt which my condition claims—after this—what hopes? what expectations from a passenger, not only a stranger,—but a Samaritan released from all obligations to me, and by a national dislike inflamed by mutual ill offices, now made my enemy, and more likely to rejoice at the evils which have fallen upon me, than to stretch forth a hand to save me from them.*

'Tis no unnatural soliloquy to imagine; but the actions of generous and compassionate tempers baffle all little reasonings about them.—True charity, in the apostle's description, as it is kind, and is not easily provoked, so it manifested this character here;—for we find when he came where he was, and beheld his distress,—all the unfriendly passions, which at another time might have rose

within him, now utterly forsook him and fled: when he saw his misfortunes—he forgot his enmity towards the man,—dropped all the prejudices which education had planted against him, and in the room of them, all that was good and compassionate was suffered to speak in his behalf.

In benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that like instruments of music which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is,—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts. So that the Samaritan, though the moment he saw him he had compassion on him, yet sudden as the emotion is represented, you are not to imagine that it was mechanical, but that there was a settled principle of humanity and goodness which operated within him, and influenced not only the first impulse of kindness, but the continuation of it throughout the rest of so engaging a behaviour. And because it is a pleasure to look into a good mind, and trace out as far as one is able what passes within it on such occasions, I shall beg leave for a moment, to state an account of what was likely to pass in his, and in what manner so distressful a case would necessarily work upon such a disposition.

As he approached the place where the unfortunate man lay, the instant he beheld him, no doubt some such

train of reflexions as this would rise in his mind. "Good GOD! what a spectacle of misery do I behold—a man ſtripped of his raiment—wounded—lying languiſhing before me upon the ground juſt ready to expire,—without the comfort of a friend to ſupport him in his laſt agonies, or the proſpect of a hand to cloſe his eyes when his pains are over. But perhaps my concern ſhould leſſen when I reflect on the relations in which we ſtand to each other—that he is a Jew and I a Samaritan.———But are we not ſtill both men; partakers of the ſame nature——— and ſubject to the ſame evils?———let me change conditions with him for a moment and conſider, had his lot befallen me as I journeyed in the way, what meaſure I ſhould have expected at his hand.———Should I wiſh when he beheld me wounded and half-dead, that he ſhould ſhut up his bowels of compaſſion from me, and double the weight of my miſeries by paſſing by and leaving them unpitied?—But I am a ſtranger to the man;—be it ſo,—but I am no ſtranger to his condition———miſfortunes are of no particular tribe or nation, but belong to us all, and have a general claim upon us, without diſtinction of climate, country or religion. Beſides, though I am a ſtranger———'tis no fault of his that I do not know him, and therefore unequitable he ſhould ſuffer by it:———Had I known him, poſſibly I ſhould have had cauſe to love and pity him the more———for aught I know, he is ſome one of uncommon merit, whoſe life is rendered ſtill more precious, as the lives and happineſs of others may be involved in it: perhaps at this inſtant that he lies here forſaken, in all this miſery, a whole virtuous family is joyfully looking for his return, and affectionately counting the hours of his delay. Oh! did they know what evil hath befallen him———how would they fly to ſuccour him.—Let me

then haſten to supply those tender offices of binding up his wounds, and carrying him to a place of safety—or if that aſſiſtance comes too late, I shall comfort him at leaſt in his laſt hour———and, if I can do nothing else,—I shall soften his misfortunes by dropping a tear of pity over them."

'Tis almoſt necessary to imagine the good Samaritan was influenced by some such thoughts as these, from the uncommon generosity of his behaviour, which is represented by our SAVIOUR operating like the warm zeal of a brother, mixed with the affectionate discretion and care of a parent, who was not satisfied with taking him under his protection, and supplying his present wants, but in looking forwards for him, and taking care that his wants should be supplied when he should be gone, and no longer near to befriend him.

I think there needs no ſtronger argument to prove how universally and deeply the seeds of this virtue of compassion are planted in the heart of man, than in the pleasure we take in such representations of it: and though some men have represented human nature in other colours, (though to what end I know not) that the matter of fact is so ſtrong againſt them, that from the general propensity to pity the unfortunate, we express that sensation by the word *humanity*, as if it was inseparable from our nature. That it is not *inseparable*, I have allowed in the former part of this discourse, from some reproachful inſtances of selfish tempers, which seem to take part in nothing beyond themselves; yet I am persuaded, and affirm 'tis ſtill so great and noble a part of our nature, that a man muſt do great violence to himself, and suffer many a painful

conflict, before he has brought himself to a different disposition.

'Tis observable in the foregoing account, that when the priest came to the place where he was, he passed by on the other side—he might have passed by, you'll say, without turning aside—No, there is a secret shame which attends every act of inhumanity not to be conquered in the hardest natures, so that, as in other cases, so especially in this, many a man will do a cruel act, who at the same time would blush to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have a heart to execute his purpose.

Inconsistent creature that man is! who at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to withold his testimony to what is good and praise-worthy.

I have now done with the parable, which was the first part proposed to be considered in this discourse; and should proceed to the second, which so naturally falls from it, of exhorting you, as our SAVIOUR did the lawyer upon it, *to go and do so likewise:* but I have been so copious in my reflections upon the story itself, that I find I have insensibly incorporated into them almost all that I should have said here in recommending so amiable an example; by which means I have unawares anticipated the task I proposed. I shall therefore detain you no longer than with a single remark upon the subject in general, which is this, 'Tis observable in many places of scripture, that our blessed SAVIOUR in describing the day of judgment does it in such a manner, as if the great enquiry then, was to relate principally to this one virtue of compassion —and as if our final sentence at that solemnity was to be

pronounced exactly according to the degrees of it. "I was a hungred and ye gave me meat—thirsty and ye gave me drink—naked and ye cloathed me—I was sick and ye visited me—in prison and ye came unto me." Not that we are to imagine from thence, as if any other good or evil action should then be overlooked by the eye of the All seeing Judge, but barely to intimate to us, that a charitable and benevolent disposition is so principal and ruling a part of a man's character, as to be a considerable test by itself of the whole frame and temper of his mind, with which all other virtues and vices respectively rise and fall, and will almost necessarily be connected.—Tell me therefore of a compassionate man, you represent to me a man of a thousand other good qualities——on whom I can depend——whom I may safely trust with my wife——my children, my fortune and reputation. 'Tis for this, as the apostle argues from the same principle—"that he will not commit adultery—that he will not kill—that he will not steal—that he will not bear false witness." That is, the sorrows which are stirred up in mens hearts by such trespasses are so tenderly felt by a compassionate man, that it is not in his power or his nature to commit them.

So that well might he conclude, that charity, by which he means, the love to your neighbour, was the end of the commandment, and that whosoever fulfilled it, had fulfilled the law.

Now to GOD, *&c.* Amen.

SERMON IV.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

2 SAMUEL xii. 7. 1st part.

And Nathan said unto David, thou art the Man.

THERE is no historical passage in scripture, which gives a more remarkable instance of the deceitfulness of the heart of man to itself, and of how little we truly know of ourselves, than this, wherein David is convicted out of his own mouth, and is led by the prophet to condemn and pronounce a severe judgment upon another, for an act of injustice, which he had passed over in himself, and possibly reconciled to his own conscience. To know one's self, one would think could be no very difficult lesson;—for who, you'll say, can well be truly ignorant of himself and the true disposition of his own heart. If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger to what passes there—he must be conscious of his own thoughts and desires, he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life: he may hang out false colours and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? Than a man can—is evident, because he daily does so.—Scripture tells us, and gives us many historical proofs of it, besides this to which the text refers—"that the heart of man is treacherous to itself and *deceitful above all things;*" and experience and every hour's commerce with the world confirms the truth of this seeming paradox, "That though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and consequently qualified to know the most of himself—yet so it happens, that he generally knows the least—and with all the power which GOD has given him

of turning his eyes inwards upon himself, and taking notice of the chain of his own thoughts and desires—yet in fact, is generally so inattentive, but always so partial an observer of what passes, that he is as much, nay often, a much greater stranger to his own disposition and true character, than all the world besides."

By what means he is brought under so manifest a delusion, and how he suffers himself to be so grossly imposed upon in a point which he is capable of knowing so much better than others, is not hard to give an account of, nor need we seek farther for it, than amongst the causes which are every day perverting his reason and misleading him. We are deceived in judging of ourselves, just as we are in judging of other things, when our passions and inclinations are called in as counsellors, and we suffer ourselves to see and reason just so far and no farther than they give us leave. How hard do we find it to pass an equitable and sound judgment in a matter where our interest is deeply concerned?—and even where there is the remotest consideration of SELF, connected with the point before us, what a strange bias does it hang upon our minds, and how difficult is it to disengage our judgments entirely from it? With what reluctance are we brought to think evil of a friend whom we have long loved and esteemed! and though there happens to be strong appearances against him, how apt are we to overlook or put favourable constructions upon them, and even sometimes, when our zeal and friendship transport us, to assign the best and kindest motives for the worst and most unjustifiable parts of his conduct!

We are still worse casuists, and the deceit is propor-

tionably ſtronger with a man, when he is going to judge of himself—that deareſt of all parties,—ſo closely connected with him—ſo much and ſo long beloved—of whom he has ſo early conceived the higheſt opinion and eſteem, and with whoſe merit he has all-along, no doubt, found ſo much reaſon to be contented. It is not an eaſy matter to be ſevere where there is ſuch an impulſe to be kind, or to efface at once all the tender impreſſions in favour of ſo old a friend, which diſabled us from thinking of him as he is, and ſeeing him in the light, may be, in which every one elſe ſees him.

So that however eaſy this knowledge of one's-ſelf may appear at firſt ſight, it is otherwiſe when we come to examine; ſince not only in practice, but even in ſpeculation and theory, we find it one of the hardeſt and moſt painful leſſons. Some of the earlieſt inſtructors of mankind, no doubt, found it ſo too; and, for that reaſon, ſoon ſaw the neceſſity of laying ſuch a ſtreſs upon this great precept of ſelf-knowledge, which for its excellent wiſdom and uſefulneſs, many of them ſuppoſed to be a divine direction; that it came down from Heaven, and comprehended the whole circle both of the knowledge and the duty of man. And indeed their zeal might eaſily be allowed in ſo high an encomium upon the attainment of a virtue, the want of which ſo often baffled their inſtructions, and rendered their endeavours of reforming the heart vain and uſeleſs. For who could think of a reformation of the faults within him, who knew not where they lay, or could ſet about correcting, till he had firſt come to a ſenſe of the defects which required it?

But this was a point always much eaſier recommended

by public instructors than shewn how to be put in practice; and therefore others, who equally sought the reformation of mankind, observing that this direct road which led to it was guarded on all sides by self-love, and consequently very difficult to open access, soon found out that a different and more artful course was requisite; as they had not strength to remove this flattering passion which stood in their way and blocked up all the passages to the heart, they endeavoured by stratagem to get beyond it, and by a skilful address, if possible, to deceive it. This gave rise to the early manner of conveying their instructions in parables, fables, and such sort of indirect applications, which, tho' they could not conquer this principle of self-love, yet often laid it asleep, or at least over-reached it for a few moments, till a just judgment could be procured.

The prophet Nathan seems to have been a great master in this way of address. David had greatly displeased GOD by two grievous sins which he had committed, and the prophet's commission was to go and bring him to a conviction of them, and touch his heart with a sense of guilt for what he had done against the honour and life of Uriah.

The holy man knew, that was it any one's case but David's own, no man would have been so quick-sighted in discerning the nature of the injury,——more ready to have redressed it, or who would have felt more compassion for the party who had suffered it, than he himself.

Instead therefore of declaring the real intention of his errand, by a direct accusation and reproof for the crimes he had committed, he comes to him with a fictitious com-

plaint of a cruel act of injustice done by another, and accordingly he frames a case, not so parallel to David's as he supposed would awaken his suspicion, and prevent a patient and candid hearing, and yet not so void of resemblance in the main circumstances, as to fail of striking him when shewn in a proper light.

And Nathan came and said unto him, "There were two men in one city, the one rich and the other poor—the rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds, but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb which he had bought and nourished up—and it grew up together with him and with his children—it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter—and there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock, and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb and dressed it for the man that was come unto him."

The case was drawn up with great judgment and beauty,—the several minute circumstances which heightened the injury truly affecting,—and so strongly urged, that it would have been impossible for any man with a previous sense of guilt upon his mind, to have defended himself from some degree of remorse, which it must naturally have excited.

The story, though it spoke only of the injustice and oppressive act of another man,——yet it pointed to what he had lately done himself, with all the circumstances of its aggravation;—and withal, the whole was so tenderly addressed to the heart and passions, as to kindle at once

the utmoſt horror and indignation. And so it did;——but not againſt the proper person. In his transport he forgot himself;——his anger greatly kindled againſt the man,——and he said unto Nathan, "As the LORD liveth, the man that hath done this thing, shall surely die, and he shall reſtore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

It can scarce be doubted here, but that David's anger was *real*, and that he was what he appeared to be, greatly provoked and exasperated againſt the offender: and, indeed, his sentence againſt him proves he was so, above measure. For to punish the man with death, and oblige him to reſtore fourfold besides, was highly unequitable, and not only disproportioned to the offence, but far above the utmoſt rigour and severity of the law, which allowed a much softer atonement; requiring in such a case, no more than an ample reſtitution and recompence in kind. The judgment, however, seems to have been truly sincere and well meant, and bespoke rather the honeſt rashness of an unsuspicious judge than the cool determination of a conscious and guilty man, who knew he was going to pass sentence upon himself.

I take notice of this particular, because it places this inſtance of self-deceit, which is the subject of the discourse, in the ſtrongeſt light, and fully demonſtrates the truth of a fact in this great man, which happens every day among ourselves, namely, that a man may be guilty of very bad and dishoneſt actions, and yet reflect so little, or so partially, upon what he has done, as to keep his conscience free, not only from guilt, but even the remoteſt suspicions that he is the man, which in truth he is, and

what the tenor and evidence of his life demonstrate. If we look into the world——David's is no uncommon case; ——we see some one or other perpetually copying this bad original, sitting in judgment upon himself,——hearing his own cause, and not knowing what he is doing; hasty in passing sentence, and even executing it too with wrath upon the person of another, when in the language of the prophet, one might say to him with justice, "thou art the man."

Of the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms never so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—He sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which no doubt make a wide difference betwixt his case and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the ef-

fects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, 'tis pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turns and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

Next to these instances of self-deceit and utter ignorance of our true disposition and character, which appear in not seeing *that* in ourselves which shocks us in another man; there is another species still more dangerous and delusive, and which the more guarded perpetually fall into from the judgments they make of different vices, according to their age and complexion, and the various ebbs and flows of their passions and desires.

To conceive this, let any man look into his own heart, and observe in how different a degree of detestation numbers of actions stand there, though equally bad and vicious in themselves: he will soon find that such of them, as strong inclination or custom has prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out, and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and flattering hand can give them; and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear at once naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of their folly and dishonour.

When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe, we read, his heart smote him for what he had done;——strange, it smote him not in this matter of Uriah, where it had so much stronger reason to take the alarm!——A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of this injustice, to the time

the prophet was sent to reprove him;—and we read not once of any remorse or compunction of heart for what he had done: and it is not to be doubted, had the same prophet met him when he was returning up out of the cave, ——and told him, that scrupulous and conscientious as he then seemed and thought himself to be, that he was deceiving himself, and was capable of committing the foulest and most dishonourable actions;——that he should one day murder a faithful and a valiant servant, whom he ought in justice to have loved and honoured;—that he should without pity first wound him in the tenderest part, by taking away his dearest possession,—and then unmercifully and treacherously rob him of his life. —Had Nathan in a prophetic spirit foretold to David that he was capable of this, and that he should one day actually do it, and from no other motive but the momentary gratification of a base and unworthy passion, he would have received the prediction with horror, and said possibly with Hazael upon just such another occasion, and with the same ignorance of himself,—*What? is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing.* And yet in all likelihood, at that very time, there wanted nothing but the same degree of temptation, and the same opportunity, to induce him to the sin which afterwards overcame him.

Thus the case stands with us still. When the passions are warmed, and the sin which presents itself exactly tallies to the desire, observe how impetuously a man will rush into it, and act against all principles of honour, justice, and mercy!—Talk to him the moment after upon the nature of another vice to which he is not addicted, and from which perhaps his age, his temper, or rank in life, secure him; take notice, how well he reasons,—with what

equity he determines,——what an honest indignation and sharpness he expresses against it, and how insensibly his anger kindles against the man who hath done this thing.

Thus are we nice in grains and scruples,——but knaves in matters of a pound weight;—every day straining at gnats, yet swallowing camels;——miserably cheating ourselves, and torturing our reason to bring us in such a report of the sin as suits the present appetite and inclination.

Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest, the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others, but few of us are upon our guard or see that more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts! It is a flattering and dangerous distemper, which has undone thousands;—we bring the seeds of it along with us into the world,——they insensibly grow up with us from our childhood,——they lie long concealed and undisturbed, and have generally got such deep root in our natures by the time we are come to years of understanding and reflection, that it requires all we have got to defend ourselves from their effects.

To make the case still worse on our sides, 'tis with this, as with every grievous distemper of the body,—the remedies are dangerous and doubtful, in proportion to our mistakes and ignorance of the cause: for, in the instances of self-deceit, though the head is sick, and the whole heart faint, the patient seldom knows what he ails:—of all the things we know and learn, this necessary knowledge comes to us the last.

Upon what principles it happens thus, I have endeavoured to lay open in the first part of this discourse; which

I conclude with a serious exhortation to ſtruggle againſt them; which we can only hope to do, by converſing more and oftener with ourſelves, than the buſineſs and diverſions of the world generally give us leave.

We have a chain of thoughts, deſires, engagements, and idleneſſes, which perpetually return upon us in their proper time and order—let us, I beſeech you, aſſign and ſet apart ſome ſmall portion of the day for this purpoſe, —of retiring into ourſelves, and ſearching into the dark corners and receſſes of the heart, and taking notice of what is paſſing there. If a man can bring himſelf to do this taſk with a curious and impartial eye, he will quickly find the fruits of it will more than recompenſe his time and labour. He will ſee ſeveral irregularities and unſuſpected paſſions within him which he never was aware of; —he will diſcover in his progreſs many ſecret turns and windings in his heart to which he was a ſtranger, which now gradually open and diſcloſe themſelves to him upon a nearer view; in theſe labyrinths, he will trace out ſuch hidden ſprings and motives for many of his moſt applauded actions, as will make him rather ſorry and aſhamed of himſelf, than proud.

In a word, he will underſtand *his errors*, and then ſee the neceſſity, with David, of imploring GOD to cleanſe him from his ſecret faults,——and with ſome hope and confidence to ſay, with this great man after his conviction ——Try me, O GOD! and ſeek the ground of my heart, —prove me and examine my thoughts,—look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting."

Now to GOD the Father, *&c. &c.*

SERMON V.

THE CASE OF ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH CONSIDERED.

A Charity Sermon.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Sermon, with the following Dedication to the Lord Bishop of *Carlisle*, then Dean of *York*, was printed some Years ago, but was read by very few; it is therefore reprinted in this Collection.

To the Very Reverend

Richard Osbaldeston, D.D.

Dean of *York.*

SIR,

I *Have taken the liberty to inscribe this discourse to you, in teſtimony of the great reſpect which I owe to your character in general; and from a ſense of what is due to it in particular from every member of the* Church of YORK.

I wish I had as good a reason for doing that, which has given me the opportunity of making so publick and juſt an acknowledgment; being afraid there can be little left to be said upon the subject of Charity, *which has not been often thought, and much better expressed by many who have gone before: and indeed it seems so beaten and common a path, that it is not an easy matter for a new comer to diſtinguish himself in it, by any thing except the novelty of his* Vehicle.

I beg, however, Sir, your kind acceptance of it, and of the motives which have induced me to address it to you; one of which, I cannot conceal in juſtice to myself, because it has proceeded from the sense of many favours and civilities which I have received from you. I am,

Reverend SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

and faithful

humble Servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

SERMON V.

THE CASE OF ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH CONSIDERED.

1 KINGS xvii. 16.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by the prophet Elijah.

THE words of the text are the record of a miracle wrought in behalf of the widow of Zarephath, who had charitably taken Elijah under her roof, and administered unto him in a time of great scarcity and distress. There is something very interesting and affectionate in the manner this story is related in holy writ; and as it concludes with a second still more remarkable proof of GOD'S favour to the same person, in the restoration of her dead son to life, one cannot but consider both miracles as rewards of that act of piety, wrought by infinite power, and left upon record in scripture, not merely as testimonies of the prophet's divine mission, but likewise as two encouraging instances of GOD Almighty's blessing upon works of charity and benevolence.

In this view I have made choice of this piece of sacred story, which I shall beg leave to make use of as the groundwork for an exhortation to charity in general: and that it may better answer the particular purpose of this solemnity, I will endeavour to enlarge upon it with such reflections, as, I trust in GOD, will excite some sentiments of compassion which may be profitable to so pious a design.

Elijah had fled from two dreadful evils, the approach of a famine, and the persecution of Ahab—an enraged enemy: and in obedience to the command of GOD had hid himself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. In this safe and peaceful solitude, blessed with daily marks of GOD's providence, the holy man dwelt free both from the cares and glories of the world: by miraculous impulse, *the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook;* till by continuance of drought, (the windows of heaven being shut up in those days for three years and six months, which was the natural cause likewise of the famine,) it came to pass after a while that the brook, the great fountain of his support, dried up; and he is again directed by the word of the Lord where to betake himself for shelter. He is commanded to arise and go to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, with an assurance that he had disposed the heart of a widow-woman there to sustain him.

The prophet follows the call of his GOD :—the same hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow. She had come forth upon a melancholy errand, to make preparation to eat her last meal, and share it with her child.

No doubt, she had long fenced against this tragical event with all the thrifty management which self-preservation and parental love could inspire; full no doubt of cares and many tender apprehensions lest her slender stock should fail them before the return of plenty.

But as she was a widow, having lost the only faithful

friend, who would beſt have aſſiſted her in this virtuous ſtruggle, the present necessity of the times atlength overcame her; and she was juſt falling down an easy prey to it, when Elijah came to the place where she was. *And he called unto her, and said, fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called unto her and said, bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and behold I am gathering two ſticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her, fear not, but go, and do as thou haſt said; but make me thereof a little cake firſt, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus says the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waſte, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.*

True charity is always unwilling to find excuses—else here was a fair opportunity of pleading many: she might have inſiſted over again upon her situation, which necessarily tied up her hands;—she might have urged the unreasonableness of the requeſt;—that she was reduced to the loweſt extremity already;—and that it was contrary to juſtice and the firſt law of nature, to rob herself and child of their laſt morsel, and give it to a ſtranger.

But in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a balance for self-preservation. For, as GOD certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love—so it seemed to operate here.—For it is observable, that though the prophet backed his requeſt with the promise

of an immediate recompence in multiplying her ſtock; yet it is not evident, ſhe was influenced at all by that temptation. For if ſhe had, doubtleſs it muſt have wrought ſuch a mixture of ſelf-intereſt into the motive of her compliance, as muſt greatly have allayed the merit of the action. But this, I ſay, does not appear, but rather the contrary, from the reflection ſhe makes upon the whole, in the laſt verſe of the chapter. *Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.*

Beſides as ſhe was an inhabitant of Zarephath, (or, as it is called by St. Luke, Sarepta, ſubject to Sidon the metropolis of Phœnicia, without the bounds of GOD's people,) ſhe had been brought up in groſs darkneſs and idolatry, in utter ignorance of the LORD GOD of Iſrael: or, if ſhe had heard of his name, which is all that ſeems probable, ſhe had been taught to diſbelieve the mighty wonders of his hand, and was ſtill leſs likely to believe his prophet.

Moreover ſhe might argue, if this man by ſome ſecret myſtery of his own, or through the power of his GOD, is able to procure ſo preternatural a ſupply for me, whence comes it to paſs, that he now ſtands in want himſelf, oppreſſed both with hunger and thirſt?

It appears therefore, that ſhe muſt have been wrought upon by an unmixed principle of humanity.——She looked upon him as a fellow-partner almoſt in the ſame affliction with herſelf.—She conſidered he had come a weary pilgrimage, in a ſultry climate, through an exhauſted country; where neither bread or water were to be had,

but by acts of liberality.—That he had come, too, an unknown traveller, and as a hard heart never wants a pretence, that this circumstance, which should rather have befriended, might have helped to oppress him.—She considered, for charity is ever fruitful in kind reasons, that he was now far from his own country, and had strayed out of the reach of the tender offices of some one who affectionately mourned his absence—her heart was touched with pity.—She turned in silence and *went and did according as he had said. And behold, both she, and he, and her house did eat many days; or*, as in the margin, one whole year. *And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, until the day that God sent rain upon the earth.*

Though it may not seem necessary to raise conjectures here upon this event, yet it is natural to suppose, the danger of the famine being thus unexpectedly got over, that the mother began to look hopefully forwards upon the rest of her days. There were many widows in Israel at that time, when the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, yet, as St. Luke observes, *to none of them was the prophet sent, save to this widow of Sarepta:* in all likelihood, she would not be the last in making the same observation, and drawing from it some flattering conclusion in favour of her son.—Many a parent would build high upon a worse foundation.———"Since the God of Israel has thus sent his own messenger to us in our distress, to pass by so many houses of his own people, and stop at mine, to save it in so miraculous a manner from destruction; doubtless, this is but an earnest of his future kind intentions to us: at least, his goodness has decreed to comfort my old age by the long life and health of my son:———but perhaps, he has something greater still in

ſtore for him, and I ſhall live to ſee the ſame hand hereafter crown his head with glory and honour?" We may naturally ſuppoſe her innocently carried away with ſuch thoughts, when ſhe is called back by an unexpected diſtemper which ſurpriſes her ſon, and in one moment brings down all her hopes—*for his ſickneſs was ſo ſore that there was no breath left in him.*——

The expoſtulations of immoderate grief are ſeldom juſt——For, though Elijah had already preſerved her ſon, as well as herſelf from immediate death, and was the laſt cauſe to be ſuſpected of ſo ſad an accident; yet the paſſionate mother, in the firſt tranſport, challenges him as the author of her misfortune;——as if he had brought down ſorrow upon a houſe, which had ſo hoſpitably ſheltered him. The prophet was too full of compaſſion, to make reply to ſo unkind an accuſation. He takes the dead child *out of his mother's boſom, and laid him upon his own bed; and he cried unto the Lord and ſaid, O Lord my God! haſt thou brought evil upon the widow with whom I ſojourn, by ſlaying her ſon?* "Is this the reward of all her charity and goodneſs? thou haſt before this robbed her of the dear partner of all her joys and all her cares; and now that ſhe is a widow, and has moſt reaſon to expect thy protection; behold thou haſt withdrawn her laſt prop: thou haſt taken away her child, the only ſtay ſhe had to reſt on." —*And Elijah cried unto God, and ſaid, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's ſoul come into him again.*

The prayer was urgent, and beſpoke the diſtreſs of a humane mind deeply ſuffering in the misfortunes of another;—moreover his heart was rent with other paſſions. —He was zealous for the name and honour of his GOD,

and thought not only his omnipotence, but his glorious attribute of mercy concerned in the event: for, oh! with what triumph would the prophets of Baal retort his own bitter taunt, and say, *his God was either talking, or he was pursuing, or was in a journey; or peradventure he slept and should have been awaked.*—He was moreover involved in the success of his prayer himself;——honeſt minds are moſt hurt by scandal.——And he was afraid, leſt so foul a one, so unworthy of his character, might arise amongſt the heathen, who would report with pleasure, "Lo! the widow of Zarephath took the messenger of the GOD of Israel under her roof, and kindly entertained him, and see how she is rewarded; surely the prophet was ungrateful, he wanted power, or what is worse, he wanted pity!"

Besides all this, he pleaded not only the cause of the widow; it was the cause of charity itself, which had received a deep wound already, and would suffer ſtill more, should GOD deny it this teſtimony of his favour. *So the Lord hearkened unto the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, see, thy son liveth.*

It would be a pleasure to a good mind to ſtop here a moment, and figure to itself the picture of so joyful an event.—To behold on one hand the raptures of the parent, overcome with surprise and gratitude, and imagine how a sudden ſtroke of such impetuous joy muſt operate on a despairing countenance, long accuſtomed to sadness. ——To conceive on the other side of the *piece*, the holy man approaching with the child in his arms——full of

honeſt triumph in his looks, but sweetened with all the kind sympathy which a gentle nature could overflow with upon so happy an event. It is a subject one might recommend to the pencil of a great genius, and would even afford matter for description here; but that it would lead us too far from the particular purpose, for which I have enlarged upon thus much of the ſtory already; the chief design of which is to illuſtrate by a fact, what is evident both in reason and scripture, that a charitable and good action is seldom caſt away, but that even in this life it is more than probable, that what is so scattered shall be gathered again with increase. *Caſt thy bread upon the waters, and thou ſhalt find it after many days. Be as a father unto the fatherleſs, and inſtead of a husband unto their mother, so ſhalt thou be as the son of the Moſt High, and he will love thee more than thy mother doth. Be mindful of good turns, for thou knoweſt not what evil ſhall come upon the earth; and when thou falleſt thou ſhalt find a ſtay. It ſhall preſerve thee from all affliction, and fight for thee againſt thy enemies better than a mighty ſhield and a ſtrong ſpear.*

The great inſtability of temporal affairs, and conſtant fluctuation of every thing in this world, afford perpetual occasions of taking refuge in such a security.

What by successive misfortunes; by failings and cross accidents in trade; by miscarriage of projects:—what by unsuitable expences of parents, extravagance of children, and the many other secret ways whereby riches make themselves wings and fly away; so many surprizing revolutions do every day happen in families, that it may not seem ſtrange to say, that the poſterity of some of the moſt liberal contributors here, in the changes which one cen-

tury may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which they now so kindly water. Nay, so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a men has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

But besides this, and exclusive of the right which GOD's promise gives it to protection hereafter, charity and benevolence, in the ordinary chain of effects, have a natural and more immediate tendency in themselves to rescue a man from the accidents of the world, by softening the hearts, and winning every man's wishes to its interest. When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him? who, that had power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up? or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress without pain and reluctance? so that it is almost a wonder that covetousness, even in spite of itself, does not sometimes argue a man into charity, by its own principle of looking forwards, and the firm expectation it would delight in of receiving its own again with usury.—So evident is it in the course of GOD's providence and the natural stream of things, that a good office one time or other generally meets with a reward.—— Generally, did I say—how can it ever fail?—when, besides all this, so large a share of the recompence is so inseparable even from the action itself. Ask the man who has a tear of tenderness always ready to shed over the unfortunate; who, withal, is ready to distribute and willing to communicate: ask him if the best things, which wits have said of pleasure, have expressed what he has felt, when by a seasonable kindness, he has *made the heart of the widow sing for joy*. Mark then the expressions of unutterable pleasure and harmony in his looks; and say, whe-

ther Solomon has not fixed the point of true enjoyment in the right place, when he declares, "that he knew no good there was in any of the riches or honours of this world, *but for a man to do good with them in his life.*" Nor was it without reason he made this judgment.——Doubtless he had found and seen the insufficiency of all sensual pleasures; how unable to furnish either a rational or a lasting scheme of happiness: how soon the best of them vanished; the less exceptionable in vanity, but the guilty both *in vanity and vexation of spirit.* But that this was of so pure and refined a nature, it burned without consuming: it was figuratively *the widow's barrel of meal which wasted not, and cruse of oil which never failed.*

It is not an easy matter to add weight to the testimony of *the wisest man*, upon the pleasure of doing good; or else the evidence of the philosopher Epicurus is very remarkable, whose word in this matter is the more to be trusted, because a professed sensualist; who amidst all the delicacies and improvements of pleasure which a luxuriant fancy might strike out, still maintained that the best way of enlarging human happiness was by a communication of it to others.

And if it was necessary here, or there was time to refine upon this doctrine, one might further maintain, exclusive of the happiness which the mind itself feels in the exercise of this virtue, that the very body of man is never in a better state than when he is most inclined to do good offices:—that as nothing more contributes to health than a benevolence of temper, so nothing generally was a stronger indication of it.

And what seems to confirm this opinion, is an observa-

tion, the truth of which must be submitted to every one's reflexion—namely—that a disinclination and backwardness to do good, is often attended, if not produced, by an indisposition of the animal as well as rational part of us: ——So naturally do the soul and body, as in other cases, so in this, mutually befriend, or prey upon each other. And indeed, setting aside all abstruser reasoning upon the point, I cannot conceive, but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life, must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little, contracted heart melts at no man's affliction; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing, and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself: and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,—

"*—Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:*
The MOTIONS *of his spirits are dull as night;*
And his affections dark as EREBUS:
——Let no such man be trusted.—"

What divines say of the minds, naturalists have observed of the body; that there is no passion so natural to it as love, which is the principle of doing good;——and though instances like this just mentioned seem far from being proofs of it, yet it is not to be doubted, but that every hard-hearted man has felt much inward opposition before he could prevail upon himself to do aught to fix and deserve the character: and that what we say of long habits

of vice, that they are hard to be subdued, may with equal truth be said concerning the natural impressions of benevolence, that a man must do much violence to himself, and suffer many a painful struggle, before he can tear away so great and noble a part of his nature.——Of this, antiquity has preserved a beautiful instance in an anecdote of Alexander, the tyrant of Pheres, who thought he had so industriously hardned his heart, as to seem to take delight in cruelty, insomuch as to murder many of his subjects every day, without cause and without pity; yet, at the bare representation of a tragedy which related the misfortunes of Hecuba and Andromache, he was so touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of tears. The explication of which inconsistency is easy, and casts as great a lustre upon human nature, as the man himself was a disgrace to it. The case semes to have been this: in *real* life he had been blinded with passions, and thoughtlessly hurried on by interest or resentment:—but here, there was no room for motives of that kind; so that his attention being first caught hold of, and all his vices laid asleep;—then NATURE awoke in triumph, and shewed how deeply she had sown the seeds of compassion in every man's breast; when tyrants, with vices the most at enmity with it, were not able entirely to root it out.

But this is painting an amiable virtue, and setting her off with shades that wickedness lends us, when one might safely trust to the force of her own natural charms, and ask, whether any thing under Heaven in its own nature, is more lovely and engaging?—To illustrate this the more, let us turn our thoughts within ourselves; and for a moment, let any number of us here imagine ourselves at

this instant engaged in drawing the most perfect and amiable character, such, as according to our conceptions of the Deity, we should think most acceptable to him, and most likely to be universally admired by all mankind.—I appeal to your own thoughts, whether the first idea which offered itself to most of our imaginations, would not be that of a compassionate benefactor, stretching forth his hands to raise up the helpless orphan? whatever other virtues we should give our hero, we should all agree in making him a generous friend, who thought the opportunities of doing good to be the only charm of his prosperity: we should paint him like the psalmist's *river of God* overflowing the thirsty parts of the earth, that he might enrich them, carrying plenty and gladness along with him. If this was not sufficient, and we were still desirous of adding a farther degree of perfection to so great a character; we should endeavour to think of some one, if human nature could furnish such a pattern, who if occasion required, was willing to undergo all kinds of affliction, to sacrifice himself, to forget his dearest interests, and even lay down his life for the good of mankind.—And here,—O merciful SAVIOUR! how would the bright original of thy unbounded goodness break in upon our hearts? *Thou who becamest poor, that we might be rich*—though Lord of all this world, yet *hadst not where to lay thy head*.—And though equal in power and glory to the great GOD of NATURE, *yet madest thyself of no reputation, tookest upon thee the form of a servant,*———submitting thyself without opening thy mouth, to all the indignities which a thankless and undiscerning people could offer; and at length, to accomplish our salvation, *becamest obedient unto death*, suffering thyself, as on this day,[1] *to be led like a lamb to the slaughter!*

[1] Preached on Good Friday.

The consideration of this stupendous instance of compassion, in the Son of GOD, is the most unanswerable appeal that can be made to the heart of man, for the reasonableness of it in himself.—It is the great argument which the apostles use in almost all their exhortations to good works.—*Beloved, if Christ so loved us*—the inference is unavoidable; and gives strength and beauty to every thing else which can be urged upon the subject. And therefore I have reserved it for my last and warmest appeal, with which I would gladly finish this discourse, that at least for their sakes for whom it is preached, we might be left to the full impression of so exalted and so seasonable a motive.—That by reflecting upon the infinite labour of this day's love, in the instance of CHRIST'S death, we may consider what an immense debt we owe each other: and by calling to mind the amiable pattern of his life, in doing good, we might learn in what manner we may best discharge it.

And indeed, of all the methods in which a good mind would be willing to do it, I believe there can be none more beneficial, or comprehensive in its effects, than that for which we are here met together.——The proper education of poor children being the ground-work of almost every other kind of charity, as that which makes every other subsequent act of it answer the pious expectation of the giver.

Without this foundation first laid, how much kindness in the progress of a benevolent man's life is unavoidably cast away? and sometimes where it is as senseless as the exposing a tender plant to all the inclemencies of a cruel season, and then going with sorrow to take it in, when the

root is already dead. I said, therefore, this was the foundation of almoſt every kind of charity,—and might not one have added, of all policy too? since the many ill conſequences which attend the want of it, though grievously felt by the parties themſelves, are no leſs ſo by the community of which they are members; and moreover, of all miſchiefs ſeem the hardeſt to be redreſſed.—Inſomuch, that when one conſiders the diſloyal ſeductions of popery on one hand, and on the other, that no bad man, whatever he profeſſes, can be a good ſubject, one may venture to ſay, it had been cheaper and better for the nation to have bore the expence of inſtilling ſound principles and good morals, into the neglected children of the lower ſort, eſpecially in ſome parts of Great-Britain, than to be obliged, ſo often as we have been within this laſt century, to riſe up and arm ourſelves againſt the rebellious effects which the want of them have brought down even to our doors. And in fact, if we are to truſt antiquity, the truth of which in this caſe we have no reaſon to diſpute, this matter has been looked upon of ſuch vaſt importance to the civil happineſs and peace of a people, that ſome commonwealths, the moſt eminent for political wiſdom, have choſe to make a publick concern of it; thinking it much ſafer to be entruſted to the prudence of the magiſtrate, than to the miſtaken tenderneſs, or natural partiality of the parent.

It was conſiſtent with this, and beſpoke a very refined ſenſe of policy in the Lacedæmonians, (though by the way, I believe, different from what more modern politics would have directed in like circumſtances) when Antipater demanded of them fifty children, as hoſtages for the ſecurity of a diſtant engagement, they made this brave

and wise answer, "They would not,—they could not consent:—they would rather give him double the number of their best up-grown men."—Intimating, that however they were distressed, they would chuse any inconvenience rather than suffer the loss of their country's education; and the opportunity (which if once lost can never be regained) of giving their youth an early tincture of religion, and bringing them up to a love of industry, and a love of the laws and constitution of their country.—If this shews the great importance of a proper education to children of all ranks and conditions, what shall we say then of those whom the providence of GOD has placed in the very lowest lot of life, utterly cast out of the *way* of knowledge, without a parent,—sometimes may be without a friend to guide and instruct them; but what common pity and the necessity of their sad situation engages: ——where the dangers which surround them on every side are so great and many, that for one fortunate passenger in life, who makes his way well in the world with such early disadvantages, and so dismal a setting out, we may reckon thousands who every day suffer shipwreck, and are lost for ever.

If there is a case under Heaven which calls out aloud for the more immediate exercise of compassion, and which may be looked upon as the compendium of all charity, surely it is this: and I'm persuaded there would want nothing more to convince the greatest enemy to these kinds of charities that it is so, but a bare opportunity of taking a nearer view of some of the more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfortunate, into

some mournful cottage, where poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow—sitting—steeped in tears;—thus sorrowing over the infant, she knows not how to succour.—"O my child, thou art now left exposed to a wide and a vicious world, too full of snares and temptations for thy tender and unpractised age. Perhaps a parent's love may magnify those dangers.—But when I consider thou art driven out naked into the midst of them without friends, without fortune, without instruction, my heart bleeds beforehand for the evils which may come upon thee. GOD, in whom we trusted, is witness, so low had his Providence placed us, that we never indulged one wish to have made thee rich,—virtuous we would have made thee;——for thy father, *my husband, was a good man and feared the Lord*,——and though all the fruits of his care and industry were little enough for our support, yet he honestly had determined to have spared some portion of it, scanty as it was, to have placed thee safely in the way of knowledge and instruction.—But alas! he is gone from us, never to return more, and with him are fled the means of doing it:——For, *Behold the creditor is come upon us*, to take all that we have."—Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated.—But let the man, who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and then let him consider, *if there is any sorrow like* this *sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted* her? or whether there can be any charity like that, of taking *the child out of the mother's bosom*, and rescuing her from these apprehensions. Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it teaches, should he, *as he journey'd, come to the place where* she lay, *when he saw, would he not have com-*

passion on her? GOD forbid, a christian should *this day* want it; or at any time *look upon* such a distress, *and pass by on the other side.*

Rather, let him do, as his Saviour taught him, *bind up the wounds, and pour* comfort into the heart of one, whom the hand of GOD has so bruised. Let him practise what it is, with Elijah's transport, to say to the afflicted widow, —*See, thy son liveth!*—liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which make life desireable,—to be made a good man, and a profitable subject: on one hand to be trained up to such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come; and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it, to a love of honest labour and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

"Much peace and happiness rest upon the head and heart of every one who thus brings children to CHRIST. —May the blessing of him that was ready to perish come seasonably upon him.—The Lord comfort him, *when he most wants it,* when he lays sick upon his bed; make thou, O GOD! all his bed in his sickness; and for what he now scatters, give him, then, that peace of thine which passeth all understanding, and which nothing in this world can either give or take away." Amen.

SERMON VI.

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN IN THE TEMPLE.

LUKE xviii. 14. 1st part.

I tell you, this man went down to his house, justified rather than the other:—

THESE words are the judgment which our SAVIOUR has left upon the behaviour and different degrees of merit in the two men, the pharisee and publican, whom he represents in the foregoing parable as going up into the temple to pray; in what manner they discharged this great and solemn duty, will best be seen from a consideration of the prayer, which each is said to have addressed to GOD upon the occasion.

The pharisee, instead of an act of humiliation in that awful presence before which he stood,—with an air of triumph and self-sufficiency, thanks GOD that he had not made him like others—extortioners, adulterers, unjust, or even as this publican.—The publican is represented as standing afar off, and with a heart touched with humility from a just sense of his own unworthiness, is said only to have smote upon his breast, saying——GOD be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, adds our SAVIOUR, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.

Though the justice of this determination strikes every one at first sight, it may not be amiss to enter into a more particular examination of the evidence and reasons upon which it might be founded, not only because it may place

the equity of this decision in favour of the publican in a stronger light, but that the subject seems likely to lead me to a train of reflections not unsuitable to the solemnity of the season.[1]

The pharisee was one of that sect, who, in our SAVIOUR's time, what by the austerity of their lives—their publick alms-deeds, and greater pretences to piety than other men, had gradually wrought themselves into much credit and reputation with the people: and indeed as the bulk of these are easily caught with appearances, their character seems to have been admirably well suited to such a purpose.—If you looked no farther than the outward part of it, you would think it made up of all goodness and perfection; an uncommon sanctity of life, guarded by great decorum and severity of manners,—profuse and frequent charities to the poor,———many acts of religion, much observance of the law———much abstinence ———much prayer.—

It is painful to suspect the appearance of so much good —and would have been so here, had not our blessed SAVIOUR left us their real character upon record, and drawn up by himself in one word—that the sect were like whitened sepulchres, all fair and beautiful without, and enriched there with whatever could attract the eye of the beholder; but, when searched withinside, were full of corruption and of whatever could shock and disgust the searcher. So that with all their affectation of piety, and more extraordinary strictness and regularity in their outward deportment, all was irregular and uncultivated within—and all these fair pretences, how promising soever,

[1] Preached in *Lent*.

blasted by the indulgence of the worst of human passions; —pride—spiritual pride, the worst of all pride—hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge. What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over such a black catalogue of vices —or that the fair form of virtue should have been thus disgraced and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy uses of this kind to which the artful and abandoned have often put her. The pharisee seems to have had not many scruples of this kind, and the prayer he makes use of in the temple is a true picture of the man's heart, and shews with what a disposition and frame of mind he came to worship.—

God! I thank thee that thou hast formed me of different materials from the rest of my species, whom thou hast created frail and vain by nature, but by choice and disposition utterly corrupt and wicked.

Me, thou hast fashioned in a different mould, and has infused so large a portion of thy spirit into me, lo! I am raised above the temptations and desires to which flesh and blood are subject—I thank thee that thou hast made me thus—not a frail vessel of clay, like that of other men —or even this publican, but that I stand here a chosen and sanctified vessel unto thee.

After this obvious paraphrase upon the words, which speaks no more than the true spirit of the pharisee's prayer,——you would naturally ask what reason was there for all this triumph——or what foundation could he have to insult in this manner over the infirmities of man-

kind—or even those of the humble publican who stood before him?—why, says he, I give tythes of all that I possess.—Truly a very indifferent account of himself—and if that was all he had to offer in his own behalf, GOD knows, it was but a weak foundation to support so much arrogance and self-conceit; because the observance of both the one and the other of these ordinances might be supposed well enough to be consistent with the most profligate of life and manners.

The conduct and behaviour of the publican appears very different—and indeed as much the reverse to this, as you could conceive. But before we enter upon that, as I have spoken largely to the character of the pharisee, 'twill be but justice to say a word or two in general to his.—The publican was one of that order of men employed by the Roman emperors in levying the taxes and contributions which were from time to time exacted from Judea as a conquered nation. Whether from the particular fate of that employment, owing to the fixed aversion which men have to part with what is their own, or from whatever other causes it happened—so it was, that the whole set of men were odious, insomuch that the name of a publican was a term of reproach and infamy amongst the Jews.

Perhaps the many instances of rigour to which their office might direct them—heightened sometimes by a mixture of cruelty and insolence of their own—and possibly always made to appear worse than they were by the loud clamours and misrepresentations of others———all might have contributed to form and fix this odium. But it was here no doubt, as in all other classes of men, whose pro-

fessions expose them to more temptations than that of others—that there are numbers who ſtill behave well, and who, amidſt all the ſnares and opportunities which lye in their way,———pass through them, not only with an unblemiſhed character, but with the inward teſtimony of a good conſcience.

The publican in all likelihood was one of theſe—and the ſentiments of candour and humility which the view of his condition inſpired, are ſuch as could come only from a heart and character thus deſcribed.

He goes up into the temple to pay his ſacrifice of prayer—in diſcharge of which, he pleads no merit of his own—enters into no comparison with others,—or juſtification of himſelf with GOD, but in reverence to that holier part of the temple where his preſence was ſuppoſed more immediately to be diſplayed—he keeps afar off—is afraid to lift up his eyes towards heaven———but ſmites upon his breaſt, and in a ſhort but fervent ejaculation—ſubmiſſively begs GOD to have mercy upon his ſins. O GOD! how precious, how amiable, is true humility! what a difference in thy ſight does it make to conſiſt betwixt man and man! Pride was not made for a creature with ſuch manifold imperfections—religious pride is a dreſs which ſtill worſe becomes him———becauſe, of all others, 'tis that to which he has leaſt pretence—the beſt of us fall ſeven times a day, and thereby add ſome degree of unprofitableneſs to the character of thoſe who do all that is commanded them—was I perfect therefore, ſays Job, I would not know my ſoul, I would be ſilent, I would be ignorant of my own righteouſneſs, for ſhould I ſay I was perfect, it would prove me to be perverſe. From this in-

troduction I will take occasion to recommend this virtue of religious humility, which so naturally falls from the subject, and which cannot more effectually be enforced, than by an enquiry into the chief causes which produce the opposite vice to it—that of spiritual pride—for in this malady of the mind of man—the case is parallel with most others of his body, the dangers of which can never rightly be apprehended; or can remedies be applied either with judgment or success, till they are traced back to their first principles, and the seeds of the disorder are laid open and considered.

And first, I believe, one of the most general causes of spiritual pride, is that which seems to have misled the pharisee—a mistaken notion of the true principles of his religion. He thought, no doubt, that the whole of it was comprehended in the two articles of paying tythes and frequent fasting, and that when he had discharged his conscience of them—he had done all that was required at his hands, and might with reason go, and thank GOD that he had not made him like others.—It is not to be questioned, but through force of this error, the pharisee might think himself to be, what he pretended, a religious and upright man.———For however he might be brought to act a double and insincere part in the eyes of men upon worldly views—it is not to be supposed—that when he stood by himself, apart in the temple, and no witnesses of what passed between him and his GOD———that he should knowingly and wilfully have dared to act so open and barefaced a scene of mockery in the face of Heaven. This is scarce probable—and therefore it must have been owing to some delusion in his education, which had early implanted in his mind false and wretched notions of the

essentials of religion—which as he grew up had proved the seeds of infinite error, both in practice and speculation.—

With the rest of his sect, he had been so principled and instructed as to observe a scrupulous nicety and most religious exactness in the lesser matters of his religion—its frequent washings—its fastings and other external rites of no merit in themselves—but to stand exempted, from the more troublesome exactness in the weightier matters of the law, which were of eternal and unchangeable obligation. So that, they were in truth blind guides———who thus would strain at a gnat and yet swallow a camel, and as our SAVIOUR reproves them from a familiar instance of domestic inconsistency—would make clean the outside of the cup and platter—yet suffer the inside—the most material part, to be full of corruption and excess. From this knowledge of the character and principles of the pharisee, 'tis easy to account for his sentiments and behaviour in the temple, which were just such as they would have led one to have expected.

Thus it has always happened, by a fatality common to all such abuses of religion, as make it to consist in external rites and ceremonies more than inward purity and integrity of heart.—As these outward things are easily put in practice———and capable of being attained to, without much capacity, or much opposition to flesh and blood—it too naturally betrays the professors of it, into a groundless persuasion of their own godliness and a despicable one of that of others, in their religious capacities, and the relations in which they stand towards GOD: which is the very definition of spiritual pride.

When the true heat and spirit of devotion is thus loſt and extinguished under a cloud of oſtentatious ceremonies and geſtures, as is remarkable in the Roman church —where the celebration of high mass, when set off to the beſt advantage with all its scenical decorations and finery, looks more like a theatrical performance, than that humble and solemn appeal which duſt and ashes are offering up to the throne of GOD,——when religion I say, is thus clogged and bore down by such a weight of ceremonies——it is much easier to put in pretentions to holiness upon such a mechanical syſtem as is left of it, than where the character is only to be got and maintained by a painful conflict and perpetual war againſt the passions. 'Tis easier, for inſtance, for a zealous papiſt to cross himself and tell his beads, than for an humble proteſtant to subdue the luſts of anger, intemperance, cruelty and revenge, to appear before his Maker with that preparation of mind which becomes him. The operation of being sprinkled with holy water, is not so difficult in itself, as that of being chaſte and spotless within——conscious of no dirty thought or dishoneſt action. 'Tis a much shorter way to kneel down at a confessional and receive absolution——than to live so as to deserve it—not at the hands of men—but at the hands of GOD—who sees the heart, and cannot be imposed on.—The atchievement of keeping lent, or abſtaining from flesh on certain days, is not so hard, as that of abſtaining from the works of it at all times—especially, as the point is generally managed amongſt the richer sort with such art and epicurism at their tables—and with such indulgence to a poor mortified appetite—that an entertainment upon a faſt is much more likely to produce a *surfeit* than a fit of sorrow.

One might run the parallel much farther, but this may be sufficient to shew how dangerous and delusive these mistakes are——how apt to mislead and overset weak minds, which are ever apt to be caught by the pomp of such external parts of religion. This is so evident, that even in our own church, where there is the greatest chastity in things of this nature——and of which none are retained in our worship, but what I believe, tend to excite and assist it——yet so strong a propensity is there in our nature to sense—and so unequal a match is the understanding of the bulk of mankind, for the impressions of outward things—that we see thousands who every day mistake the shadow for the substance, and was it fairly put to the trial would exchange the reality for the appearance.

You see, this was almost universally the case of the Jewish church—where, for want of proper guard and distinction betwixt the means of religion and religion itself; the ceremonial part in time eat away the moral part, and left nothing but a shadow behind.—'Tis to be feared the buffooneries of the Romish church bid fair to do it the same ill office, to the disgrace and utter ruin of christianity wherever popery is established. What then remains, but that we rectify these gross and pernicious notions of religion, and place it upon its true bottom, which we can only do, by bringing back religion to that cool point of reason which first shewed us its obligation——by always remembering that GOD is a spirit—and must be worshipped suitable to his nature, *i. e.* in spirit and in truth—and that the most acceptable sacrifice we can offer him is a virtuous and an upright mind—and however necessary it is, not to leave the ceremonial and positive

parts of religion undone——yet not like the pharisee to rest there——and omit the weightier matters, but keep this in view perpetually, that though the instrumental duties of religion are duties of unquestionable obligation to us—yet they are still but INSTRUMENTAL DUTIES, conducive to the great end of all religion—which is to purify our hearts—and conquer our passions—and in a word, to make us wiser and better men—better neighbours—better citizens—and better servants to GOD.—To whom, *&c.*

SERMON VII.

VINDICATION OF HUMAN NATURE.

ROMANS xiv. 7.

For none of us liveth to himself.

THERE is not a sentence in scripture, which strikes a narrow soul with greater astonishment;——and one might as easily engage to clear up the darkest problem in geometry to an ignorant mind, as make a sordid one comprehend the truth and reasonableness of this plain proposition—No man liveth to himself! Why?—Does any man live to any thing else?—In the whole compass of human life can a prudent man steer to a safer point?—Not live to himself!—To whom then?—Can any interests or concerns which are foreign to a man's self have such a claim over him, that he must serve under them,—suspend his own pursuits,—step out of his right course, till others have passed by him, and attained the several ends and purposes of living before him?

If, with a selfish heart, such an enquirer should happen to have a speculating head too, he will proceed, and ask you whether this same principle which the apostle here throws out of the life of man, is not in fact the grand bias of his nature?—That however we may flatter ourselves with fine-spun notions of disinterestedness and heroism in what we do; that were the most popular of our actions stripped naked, and the true motives and intentions of them searched to the bottom; we should find little reason for triumph upon that score.——

In a word, he will say, that a man is altogether a bubble

to himself in this matter, and that after all that can be said in his behalf, the truest definition that can be given of him is this, that he is a selfish animal; and that all his actions have so strong a tincture of that character, as to shew (to whomever else he was intended to live) that in fact he lives only to himself.

Before I reply directly to his accusation, I cannot help observing by the way, that there is scarce any thing which has done more disservice to social virtue, than the frequent representations of human nature, under this hideous picture of deformity, which by leaving out all that is generous and friendly in the heart of man, has sunk him below the level of a brute, as if he was a composition of all that was mean-spirited and selfish. Surely, 'tis one step towards acting well, to think worthily of our nature; and, as in common life, the way to make a man honest, is, to suppose him so, and treat him as such;—so here, to set some value upon ourselves, enables us to support the character, and even inspires and adds sentiments of generosity and virtue to those which we have already preconceived. The scripture tells, That GOD made man in his own image,—not surely in the sensitive and corporeal part of him, that could bear no resemblance with a pure and infinite spirit,—but what resemblance he bore was undoubtedly in the moral rectitude, and the kind and benevolent affections of his nature. And tho' the brightness of this image has been sullied greatly by the fall of man, in our first parents, and the characters of it rendered still less legible, by the many super-inductions of his own depraved appetites since,—yet 'tis a laudable pride and a true greatness of mind to cherish a belief, that there is so much of that glorious image still left upon it, as shall re-

ſtrain him from base and disgraceful actions; to answer which end, what thought can be more conducive than that, of our being made in the likeneſs of the greateſt and beſt of Beings? This is a plain conſequence. And the conſideration of it ſhould have in ſome meaſure been a protection to human nature, from the rough uſage ſhe has met with from the ſatirical pens of ſo many of the French writers, as well as of our own country, who with more wit than well-meaning have deſperately fallen foul upon the whole ſpecies, as a ſet of creatures incapable either of private friendſhip or public ſpirit, but juſt as the caſe ſuited their own intereſt and advantage.

That there is ſelfiſhneſs, and meanneſs enough in the ſouls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I ſhall not diſpute againſt; but to judge of the whole, from this bad ſample, and becauſe one man is plotting and artful in his nature;—or, a ſecond openly makes his pleaſure or his profit the ſole centre of all his deſigns;—or becauſe a third ſtrait-hearted wretch ſits confined within himſelf,———feels no misfortunes, but thoſe which touch himſelf; to involve the whole race without mercy under ſuch deteſted characters, is a concluſion as falſe, as it is pernicious; and was it in general to gain credit, could ſerve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the ſtead of it ſuch an averſion to each other, as muſt untie the bands of ſociety, and rob us of one of the greateſt pleaſures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poiſoning the fountain, rendering every thing ſuſpected that flows through it.

To the honor of human nature, the ſcripture teaches

us, that GOD made man upright,—and though he has since found out many inventions, which have much dishonoured this noble ſtructure, yet the foundation of it ſtands as it was,——the whole frame and design of it carried on upon ſocial virtue and public ſpirit, and every member of us ſo evidently ſupported by this ſtrong cement, that we may ſay with the apoſtle, *that no man liveth to himſelf*. In whatſoever light we view him, we ſhall see evidently, that there is no ſtation or condition of his life,—no office, or relation, or circumſtance, but there arises from it ſo many ties, ſo many indiſpenſible claims upon him, as muſt perpetually carry him beyond any ſelfiſh conſideration, and ſhew plainly, that was a man foolishly wicked enough to design to live to himſelf alone, he would either find it impracticable, or he would loſe, at leaſt, the very thing which made life itſelf deſirable. We know that our Creator, like an all-wiſe contriver in this, as in all other of his works, has implanted in mankind ſuch appetites and inclinations as were ſuitable for their ſtate; that is, ſuch as would naturally lead him to the love of ſociety and friendſhip, without which he would have been found in a worſe condition than the very beaſts of the field. No one therefore who lives in ſociety, can be ſaid to live to himſelf,—he lives to his GOD,—to his king, and his country.—He lives to his family, to his friends, to all under his truſt, and in a word he lives to the whole race of mankind: whatſoever has the character of man, and wears the ſame image of GOD that he does, is truly his brother, and has a juſt claim to his kindneſs.—That this is the caſe in fact, as well as in theory, may be made plain to any one, who has made any obſervations upon human life.—When we have traced it through all its connections—viewed it under the ſeveral obligations

which succeed each other in a perpetual rotation through the different ſtages of a haſty pilgrimage, we ſhall find that these do operate ſo ſtrongly upon it, and lay us juſtly under ſo many reſtraints, that we are every hour ſacrificing ſomething to society, in return for the benefits we receive from it.

To illuſtrate this, let us take a ſhort ſurvey of the life of any one man (not liable to great exceptions, but ſuch a life as is common to moſt) let us examine it merely to this point, and try how far it will answer ſuch a representation.

If we begin with him in that early age, wherein the ſtrongeſt marks of undiſguiſed tenderneſs and diſintereſted compaſſion ſhew themſelves,—I might previouſly obſerve, with what impreſſions he is come out of the hands of GOD, with the very bias upon his nature, which prepares him for the character, which he was deſigned to fulfil.—But let us paſs by the years which denote childhood, as no lawful evidence, you'll ſay, in this diſpute; let us follow him to the period, when he is juſt got looſe from tutors and governors, when his actions may be argued upon with leſs exception. If you obſerve you will find, that one of the firſt and leading propenſities of his nature, is that, which diſcovers itſelf in the deſire of ſociety, and the ſpontaneous love towards thoſe of his kind. And tho' the natural wants and exigencies of his condition are, no doubt, one reaſon of this amiable impulſe,—GOD having founded that in him, as a proviſional ſecurity to make him ſocial;—yet tho' it is a reaſon in nature—'tis a reaſon, to him yet undiſcovered. Youth is not apt to philoſophiſe ſo deeply—but follows,—as it feels itſelf prompted by the inward workings of benevolence—without

view to itself, or previous calculation either of the loss or profit which may accrue. Agreeably to this, observe how warmly, how heartily he enters into friendships,—how disinterested, and unsuspicious in the choice of them,—how generous and open in his professions!—how sincere and honest in making them good!—When his friend is in distress,—what lengths he will go,—what hazards he will bring upon himself,—what embarrassment upon his affairs to extricate and serve him! If man is altogether a selfish creature (as these moralisers would make him) 'tis certain he does not arrive at the full maturity of it, in this time of his life.—No. If he deserves any accusation, 'tis in the other extreme, "That in his youth he is generally more FOOL than KNAVE,"—and so far from being suspected of living to himself, that he lives rather to every body else; the unconsciousness of art and design in his own intentions, rendring him so utterly void of a suspicion of it in others, as to leave him too oft a bubble to every one who will take the advantage.—But you will say, he soon abates of these transports of disinterested love; and as he grows older,—grows wiser, and learns to live more to himself.

Let us examine.———

That a longer knowledge of the world, and some experience of insincerity,—will teach him a lesson of more caution in the choice of friendships, and less forwardness in the undistinguished offers of his services, is what I grant. But if he cools of these, does he not grow warmer still in connections of a different kind? Follow him, I pray you, into the next stage of life, where he has entered into engagements, and appears as the father of a family, and

you will see the passion ſtill remains—the ſtream somewhat more confined,—but runs the ſtronger for it,—the same benevolence of heart altered only in its course, and the difference of objects towards which it tends. Take a short view of him in this light, as acting under the many tender claims which that relation lays upon him,—spending many weary days, and sleepless nights—utterly forgetful of himself,—intent only upon his family, and with an anxious heart contriving and labouring to preſerve it from diſtreſs, againſt that hour when he ſhall be taken from its protection. Does ſuch a one live to himſelf?—He who riſes early, late takes reſt, and eats the bread of carefulneſs, to ſave others the ſorrow of doing ſo after him. Does ſuch a one live only to himſelf?——Ye who are parents, anſwer this queſtion for him. How oft have ye ſacrificed your health,—your eaſe,—your pleaſures,—nay, the very comforts of your lives, for the ſake of your children?—How many indulgences have ye given up?—What ſelf-denials and difficulties have ye chearfully undergone for them?—In their ſickneſs, or reports of their miſconduct, how have ye *gone on your way ſorrowing?* What alarms within you, when fancy forebodes but imaginary misfortunes hanging over them?—but when real ones have overtaken them, *and miſchief befallen them in the way in which they have gone*, how ſharper than a ſword have ye felt the workings of parental kindneſs? In whatever period of human life we look for proofs of ſelfiſhneſs,—let us not ſeek them in this relation of a parent, whoſe whole life when truly known, is often little elſe but a ſucceſſion of cares, heart-aches, and diſquieting apprehenſions,—enough to ſhew, that he is but an inſtrument in the hands of GOD to provide for the well being of others, to ſerve their intereſt as well as his own.

If you try the truth of this reasoning upon every other part or situation of the same life, you will find it holds good in one degree or other. Take a view of it out of these closer connections both of a friend and parent.—Consider him for a moment under that natural alliance, in which even a heathen poet has placed him; namely that of *a man:*—and as such, to his honor, as one incapable of standing unconcerned in whatever concerns his fellow-creatures.—Compassion has so great a share in our nature, and the miseries of this world are so constant an exercise of it, as to leave it in no one's power (who deserves the name of man) in this respect, *to live to himself.*

He cannot stop his ears against the cries of the unfortunate.—The sad story of the fatherless and him that has no helper *must* be heard.——*The sorrowful sighing of the prisoners will come before him;* and a thousand other untold cases of distress to which the life of man is subject, find a way to his heart, let interest guard the passage as it will—*if he has this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, he will not be able to shut up his bowels of compassion rom him.*

Let any man of common humanity, look back upon his own life as subjected to these strong claims, and recollect the influence they have had upon him. How oft the mere impulses of generosity and compassion have led him out of his way?—In how many acts of charity and kindness, his fellow-feeling for others has made him forget himself?——In neighbourly offices, how oft he has acted against all considerations of profit, convenience, nay sometimes even of justice itself?—Let him add to this account, how much in the progress of his life, has

been given up even to the lesser obligations of civility and good manners?—What restraints they have laid him under? How large a portion of his time,—how much of his inclination and the plan of life he should most have wished, has from time to time been made a sacrifice, to his good nature and disinclination to give pain or disgust to others?

Whoever takes a view of the life of man, in this glass wherein I have shewn it, will find it so beset and hemmed in with obligations of one kind or other, as to leave little room to suspect, that *man can live to himself:* and so closely has our Creator linked us together (as well as all other parts of his works) for the preservation of that harmony in the frame and system of things which his wisdom has at first established,—that we find this bond of mutual dependence, however relaxed, is too strong to be broke; and I believe, that the most selfish men find it is so, and that they cannot, in fact, live so much to themselves, as the narrowness of their own hearts incline them. If these reflections are just upon the moral relations in which we stand to each other, let us close the examination with a short reflection upon the great relation in which we stand to GOD.

The first and most natural thought on this subject, which at one time or other will thrust itself upon every man's mind, is this,—That there is a GOD who made me,—to whose gift I owe all the powers and faculties of my soul, to whose providence I owe all the blessings of my life, and by whose permission it is that I exercise and enjoy them; that I am placed in this world as a creature but of a day, hastening to the place from whence I shall not return.—That I am accountable for my conduct and

behaviour to this great and wiseſt of Beings, before whose judgment-ſeat I muſt finally appear, and receive the things done in my body,—whether they are good, or whether they are bad.

Can any one doubt but the moſt inconſiderate of men ſometimes ſit down coolly, and make ſome ſuch plain reflections as these upon their ſtate and condition?—or, that after they have made them, can one imagine, they loſe all effect?——As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt, in its affairs—nor can one ſo root out the principles of it, but like nature they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty purſuits. There are ſeaſons, when the thoughts of a juſt God overlooking, and the terror of an after-reckoning has made the moſt determined tremble, and ſtop ſhort in the execution of a wicked purpoſe; and if we conceive that the worſt of men lay ſome reſtraints upon themſelves from the weight of this principle, what ſhall we think of the good and virtuous part of the world, who live under the perpetual influence of it,—who ſacrifice their appetites and paſſions from a conſcience of their duty to God; and conſider him as the object to whom they have dedicated their ſervice, and make that the firſt principle, and ultimate end of all their actions?—How many real and unaffected inſtances there are in this world, of men thus governed, will not ſo much concern us to enquire, as to take care that we are of the number: which may God grant for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

SERMONS BY LAURENCE STERNE

A.M. Prebendary of York, and Vicar
of Sutton on the Forest, and of
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VOL. II.

SERMON VIII.

TIME AND CHANCE.

ECCLESIASTES ix. 11.

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift,—nor the battle to the ſtrong,—neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of underſtanding, nor yet favour to men of ſkill,—but time and chance happeneth to them all.

WHEN a man caſts a look upon this melancholy description of the world, and sees contrary to all his guesses and expectations, what different fates attend the lives of men,—how oft it happens in the world, that there is not even bread to the wise, nor riches to men of underſtanding, &c.——he is apt to conclude with a sigh upon it,——in the words,—tho' not in the sense of the wise man,—that time and chance happeneth to them all. —That time and chance,—apt seasons and fit conjunctures have the greateſt sway in the turns and disposals of men's fortunes. And that, as these lucky hits, (as they are called) happen to be for, or againſt a man,—they either open the way to his advancement againſt all obſtacles,—or block it up againſt all helps and attempts. That as the text intimates, neither *wisdom*, nor *underſtanding*, nor *ſkill*, shall be able to surmount them.

However widely we may differ in our reasonings upon this observation of Solomon's, the authority of the observation is ſtrong beyond doubt, and the evidence given of it in all ages so alternately confirmed by examples and complaints, as to leave the fact itself unqueſtionable.—

That things are carried on in this world, sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probabilities of success,—that, even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,—nay, what is stranger still ——nor yet bread to the wise, who should last stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to men of understanding, who you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours,—and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,——that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wished and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom was you to form a conjecture from the appearances of things in his favor,——you would say was setting out in the world, with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it;——with all the advantages of birth to recommend him,————of personal merit to speak for him,——and of friends to help and push him forwards: you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for from them; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up perpetually in his way, and keep him there.——In every application he makes,—some untoward circumstance shall blast it. ————He shall rise early,——late take rest,——and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall still rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first begun it.

The history of a second shall, in all respects, be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forwards without fortune, without friends,—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless, you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations,—in spight of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honor and fortune, and in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting it, shall place him in safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

The histories of the lives and fortunes of men are full of instances af this nature,—where favorable times and lucky accidents have done for them, what wisdom or skill could not: and there is scarce any one who has lived long in the world, who upon looking backwards will not discover such a mixture of these in the many successful turns which have happened in his life, as to leave him very little reason to dispute against the fact, and, I should hope, as little upon the conclusions to be drawn from it.

Some, indeed, from a superficial view of this representation of things, have atheistically inferred,——that because there was so much of lottery in this life,——and mere casualty seemed to have such a share in the disposal of our affairs,——that the providence of God stood neuter and unconcerned in their several workings, leaving them to the mercy of time and chance, to be furthered or

disappointed as such blind agents directed. Whereas in truth the very opposite conclusion follows. For consider, ——if a superior intelligent power did not sometimes cross and overrule events in this world,——then our policies and designs in it, would always answer according to the wisdom and stratagem in which they were laid, and every cause, in the course of things, would produce its natural effect without variation. Now as this is not the case, it necessarily follows from Solomon's reasoning, that, if the race is not to the swift, if knowledge and learning do not always secure men from want,—nor care and industry always make men rich,——nor art and skill infallibly make men high in the world; that there is some other cause which mingles itself in human affairs, and governs and turns them as it pleases; which cause can be no other than the first cause of all things, and the secret and over-ruling providence of that Almighty God, who though his dwelling is so high, yet he humbleth himself to behold the things that are done in earth, raising up the poor out of the dust, and lifting the beggar from the dunghill, and contrary to all hopes putting him with princes, even with the princes of his people; which by the way, was the case of David, who makes the acknowledgement!—And no doubt—one reason, why God has selected to his own disposal, so many instances as this, where events have run counter to all probabilities,——was to give testimony to his providence in governing the world, and to engage us to a consideration and dependence upon it, for the event and success of our undertakings.[1] For undoubtedly—as I said,—it should seem but suitable to nature's law, that the race should ever be to the swift, ——and the battle to the strong;——it is reasonable

[1] Vid. Tillotson's sermon on this subject.

that the beſt contrivances and means should have beſt success,——and since it often falls out otherwise in the case of man, where the wiseſt projects are overthrown, ——and the moſt hopeful means are blaſted, and time and chance happens to all;—You muſt call in the deity to untye this knot,—for though at sundry times—sundry events fall out,——which we who look no further than the events themselves, call chance, because they fall out quite contrary both to our intentions and our hopes,—— though at the same time, in respect of God's providence over-ruling in these events; it were profane to call them chance, for they are pure designation, and though invisible, are ſtill the regular dispensations of the superintending power of that Almighty being, from whom all the laws and powers of nature are derived,—who, as he has appointed,—so holds them as inſtruments in his hands: and without invading the liberty and free will of his creatures, can turn the passions and desires of their hearts to fulfill his own righteousness, and work such effects in human affairs, which to us seem merely *casual*,——but to him, certain and determined, and what his infinite wisdom sees necessary to be brought about for the government, and preservation of the world, over which providence perpetually presides.

When the sons of Jacob had caſt their brother Joseph into the pit for his deſtruction,—one would think, if ever any incident which concerned the life of man deserved to be called chance, it was this.—That the company of Ishmaelites should happen to pass by, in that open country, at that very place, at that time too, when this barbarity was committed. After he was rescued by so favorable a contingency,—his life and future fortune ſtill depended

upon a series of contingencies equally improbable; for instance, had the business of the Ishmaelites who bought him, carried them from Gilead, to any other part of the world besides Egypt, or when they arrived there, had they sold their bond-slave to any other man but Potiphar, throughout the whole empire,——or, after that disposal, had the unjust accusations of his master's wife cast the youth into any other dungeon, than that where the king's prisoners were kept,—or had it fallen out at any other crisis, than when Pharoah's chief butler was cast there too,—had this, or any other of these events, fallen out otherwise than it did,—a series of unmerited misfortunes had overwhelmed him,——and in consequence the whole land of Egypt and Canaan. From the first opening, to the conclusion of this long and interesting transaction, the providence of God suffered every thing to take its course: the malice and cruelty of Joseph's brethren, wrought their worst mischief against him;—banished him from his country and the protection of his parent.—The lust and baseness of a disappointed woman sunk him still deeper:——loaded his character with an unjust reproach,——and to compleat his ruin, doomed him, friendless, to the miseries of a hopeless prison where he lay neglected. Providence, though it did not cross these events,——yet providence bent them to the most merciful ends. When the whole DRAMA was opened, then the wisdom and contrivance of every part of it was displayed. Then it appeared, it was not they (as the patriarch inferred in consolation of his brethren,) it was not they who sold him, but God,—'twas he sent him thither before them,—his superintending power availed itself of their passions—directed the operations of them,—held the chain in his hand, and turned and wound it to his own

purpose. "Ye verily thought evil against me,—but God meant it for good,———ye had the guilt of a bad intention,—his providence, the glory of accomplishing a good one,———by preserving *you a posterity upon the earth, and bringing to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive.*" All history is full of such testimonies, which though they may convince those who look no deeper than the surface of things, that time and chance happen to all,—yet to those who look deeper, they manifest at the same time, that there is a hand much busier in human affairs than what we vainly calculate; which though the projectors of this world overlook,———or at least make no allowance for in the formation of their plans, they generally find it in the execution of them. And though the fatalist may urge, that every event in this life, is brought about by the ministry and chain of natural causes,—yet, in answer,—let him go one step higher———and consider,———whose power it is, that enables these causes to work,—whose knowledge it is, that foresees what will be their effects,———whose goodness it is, that is invisibly conducting them forwards to the best and greatest ends for the happiness of his creatures.

So that as a great reasoner justly distinguishes, upon this point,—"It is not only religiously speaking, but with the strictest and most philosophical truth of expression, that the scripture tells us, *that* GOD *commandeth* the ravens,———that they are his directions, which *the winds and the seas obey*. If his servant hides himself by the brook, such an order of causes and effects shall be laid,—that the fowls of the air shall minister to his support.—When this resource fails, and his prophet is directed to go to Zarephath,———for that he has *commanded* a widow woman

there to sustain him,—the same hand which leads the prophet to the gate of the city,—shall lead forth the distress'd widow to the same place, to take him under her roof,—and tho' upon the impulse of a different occasion, shall nevertheless be made to fulfill his promise and intention of their mutual preservation."

Thus much for the truth and illustration of this great and fundamental doctrine of a providence; the belief of which is of such consequence to us, as to be the great support and comfort of our lives.

Justly therefore might the Psalmist upon this declaration,—that the Lord is King—conclude, that the earth may be glad therefore, yea the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.

May God grant the persuasion may make us as virtuous, as it has reason to make us joyful, and that it may bring forth in us the fruits of good living to his praise and glory, to whom be all might, majesty and dominion, now and for evermore, *Amen*.

SERMON IX.

THE CHARACTER OF HEROD.

(Preached on Innocents Day.)

MATTHEW ii. 17. 18.

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,——In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.

THE words which St. Matthew cites here as fulfilled by the cruelty and ambition of Herod,—are in the 31ſt chapter of Jeremiah 15th verse. In the foregoing chapter the prophet having declared GOD's intention of turning the mourning of his people into joy, by the reſtoration of the tribes which had been led away captive into Babylon; he proceeds in the beginning of this chapter, which contains this prophecy, to give a more particular description of the great joy and feſtivity of that promised day, when they were to return once more to their own land, to enter upon their ancient poſſeſſions, and enjoy again all the privileges they had loſt, and amongſt others, and what was above them all,——the favour and protection of GOD, and the continuation of his mercies to them and their poſterity.

To make therefore the impreſſion of this change the ſtronger upon their minds—he gives a very pathetic repreſentation of the preceding ſorrow on that day when they were firſt led away captive.

Thus ſaith the Lord, A voice was heard in Rama; la-

mentation and bitter weeping, Rachael weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted, because they were not.

To enter into the full sense and beauty of this description, it is to be remembered that the tomb of Rachael, Jacob's beloved wife, as we read in the 35th of Genesis, was situated near Rama, and betwixt that place and Bethlehem. Upon which circumstance the prophet raises one of the most affecting scenes, that could be conceived; for as the tribes in their sorrowful journey betwixt Rama and Bethlehem in their way to Babylon, were supposed to pass by this monumental pillar of their ancestor Rachael, Jacob's wife, the prophet by a common liberty in rhetoric, introduces her as rising up out of her sepulchre, and as the common mother of two of their tribes, weeping for her children, bewailing the sad catastrophe of her posterity led away into a strange land—refusing to be comforted because they were not,——lost and cut off from their country, and in all likelyhood, never to be restored back to her again.

The Jewish interpreters say upon this, that the patriarch Jacob buried Rachael in this very place, foreseeing by the spirit of prophecy, that his posterity should that way be led captive, that she might as they passed her, intercede for them.——

But this fanciful superstructure upon the passage, seems to be little else than a mere dream of some of the Jewish doctors; and indeed had they not dream't it when they did, 'tis great odds, but some of the Romish dreamers would have hit upon it before now. For as it favors the doctrine of intercessions—if there had not been undeni-

able vouchers for the real inventors of the conceit, one should much sooner have sought for it amongſt the oral traditions of this church, than in the Talmud, where it is.

But this by the bye, There is ſtill another interpretation of the words here cited by St. Matthew, which altogether excludes this scenical representation I have given of them.——By which 'tis thought that the lamentation of Rachael, here described, has no immediate reference to Rachael, Jacob's wife, but that it simply alludes to the sorrows of her descendents, the diſtressed mothers of the tribes of Benjamin and Ephraim who might accompany their children, led into captivity as far as Rama, in their way to Babylon, who wept and wailed upon this sad occasion, and as the prophet describes them in the person of Rachael, refusing to be comforted for the loss of her children, looking upon their departure without hope or proſpect of ever beholding a return.

Which ever of the two senses you give the words of the prophet, the application of them by the evangeliſt is equally juſt and faithful. For as the former scene he relates, was transacted upon the very same ſtage,—in the same diſtrict of Bethlehem near Rama——where so many mothers of the same tribe now suffered this second moſt affecting blow——the words of Jeremiah, as the evangeliſt observes, were literally accomplished, and no doubt, in that horrid day, a voice was heard again in Rama, lamentation and bitter weeping—Rachael weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted;—— every Bethlemitish mother involved in this calamity, beholding it with hopeless sorrow——gave vent to it—each one, bewailing her children, and lamenting the hardness

of their lot, with the anguish of a heart as incapable of consolation, as they were of redress. Monster!——could no consideration of all this tender sorrow, stay thy hands?——Could no reflection upon so much bitter lamentation throughout the coasts of Bethlehem, interpose and plead in behalf of so many wretched objects, as this tragedy would make?—Was there no way open to ambition but that thou must trample upon the affections of nature? Could no pity for the innocence of childhood——no sympathy for the yearnings of parental love incline thee to some other measures for thy security—but thou must thus pitilessly rush in——take the victim by violence—tear it from the embraces of the mother—offer it up before her eyes——leave her disconsolate for ever—broken-hearted with a loss——so affecting in itself——so circumstanced with horror, that no time, how friendly soever to the mournful——should ever be able to wear out the impressions?

There is nothing in which the mind of man is more divided than in the accounts of this horrid nature.——For when we consider man, as fashioned by his maker—innocent and upright—full of the tenderest dispositions—with a heart inclining him to kindness, and the love and protection of his species—this idea of him would almost shake the credit of such accounts;——so that to clear them——we are forced to take a second view of man——very different from this favorable one, in which we insensibly represent him to our imaginations—that is—we are obliged to consider him——not as he was made——but as he is——a creature by the violence and irregularity of his passions capable of being perverted from all these friendly and benevolent propensities, and some-

times hurried into excesses so opposite to them, as to render the most unnatural and horrid accounts of what he does but too probable.—The truth of this observation will be exemplifyed in the case before us. For next to the faith and character of the historian who reports such facts, ——the particular character of the person who committed them is to be considered as a voucher for their truth and credibility;—and if upon enquiry, it appears, that the man acted but consistent with himself,——and just so as you would have expected from his principles,—the credit of the historian is restored,—and the fact related stands incontestable, from so strong and concurring an evidence on its side.——

With this view, it may not be an unacceptable application of the remaining part of a discourse upon this day, to give you a sketch of the character of Herod, not as drawn from scripture,——for in general it furnishes us with few materials for such descriptions:—the sacred scripture cuts off in a few words the history of the ungodly, how great soever they were in the eyes of the world,—— and on the other hand dwells largely upon the smallest actions of the righteous.——We find all the circumstances of the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph recorded in the minutest manner.——The wicked seem only mentioned with regret; just brought upon the stage, on purpose to be condemned. The use and advantage of which conduct—is, I suppose, the reason,——as in general it enlarges on no character, but what is worthy of imitation. 'Tis however undeniable, that the lives of bad men are not without use,——and whenever such a one is drawn, not with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested,—it must excite such an horror

againſt vice, as will ſtrike indirectly the same good impression. And though it is painful to the laſt degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have caſt upon him,—yet when it serves this end, and at the same time illuſtrates a point in sacred hiſtory——it carries its own excuse with it.

This Herod, therefore, of whom the evangeliſt speaks, if you take a superficial view of his life you would say was a compound of good and evil,——that though he was certainly a bad man,—yet you would think the mass was tempered at the same time with a mixture of good qualities. So that, in course, as is not uncommon, he would appear with two characters very different from each other. If you looked on the more favorable side, you would see a man of great address——popular in his behavior,—generous, prince-like in his entertainments and expences, and in a word set off with all such virtue and shewy properties, as bid high for the countenance and approbation of the world.

View him in another light, he was an ambitious, designing man,——suspicious of all the world,—rapacious,—implacable in his temper, without sense of religion,—or feeling of humanity.——Now in such complex characters as this,—the way the world usually judges, is ——to sum up the good and the bad againſt each other, ——deduct the leſſer of these articles from the greater, and (as we do in passing other accounts) give credit to the man for what remains upon the ballance. Now, though this seems a fair,——yet I fear 'tis often a fallacious reckoning,—which though it may serve in many ordinary cases of private life, yet will not hold good in the more no-

torious instances of men's lives, especially when so complicated with good and bad, as to exceed all common bounds and proportions. Not to be deceived in such cases we must work by a different rule, which though it may appear less candid,—— yet to make amends, I am persuaded will bring us in general much nearer to the thing we want,——which is truth. The way to which is—in all judgments of this kind, to distinguish and carry in your eye, the principle and ruling passion which leads the character—and separate that, from the other parts of it,—— and then take notice, how far his other qualities, good and bad, are brought to serve and support that. For want of this distinction,—we often think ourselves inconsistent creatures, when we are the furthest from it, and all the variety of shapes and contradictory appearances we put on, are in truth but so many different attempts to gratify the same governing appetite.——

With this clew, let us endeavour to unravel this character of Herod as here given.

The first thing which strikes one in it is ambition, an immoderate thirst, as well as jealousy of power;——how inconsistent soever in other parts, his character appears invariable in this, and every action of his life was true to it.—From hence we may venture to conclude, that this was *his* ruling passion,——and that most, if not all the other wheels were put in motion by this first spring. Now let us consider how far this was the case in fact.

To begin with the worst part of him,——I said he was a man of no sense of religion, or at least no other sense of it, but that which served his turn——for he is recorded

to have built temples in Judea, and erected images in them for idolatrous worship,——not from a persuasion of doing right, for he was bred a Jew, and consequently taught to abhor all idolatry,——but he was in truth sacrificing all this time to a greater idol of his own, his ruling passion; for if we may trust Josephus, his sole view in so gross a compliance was to ingratiate himself with Augustus and the great men of Rome from whom he held his power.——With this he was greedy and rapacious——how could he be otherwise with so devouring an appetite as ambition to provide for?——He was jealous in his nature, and suspicious of all the world.—Shew me an ambitious man that is not so; for as such a man's hand, like Ishmael's, is against every man, he concludes that every man's hand in course is against his.

Few men were ever guilty of more astonishing acts of cruelty——and yet the particular instances of them in Herod were such as he was hurried into, by the alarms this waking passion perpetually gave him. He put the whole Sanadrim to the sword——sparing neither age, or wisdom, or merit——one cannot suppose, simply from an inclination to cruelty—no—they had opposed the establishment of his power at Jerusalem.

His own sons, two hopeful youths, he cut off by a public execution.——The worst men have natural affection ——and such a stroke as this would run so contrary to the natural workings of it, that you are forced to suppose the impulse of some more violent inclination to overrule and conquer it.——And so it was, for the Jewish historian tells us, 'twas jealousy of power,—his darling object —of which he feared they would one day or other dispos-

sess him——sufficient inducement to transport a man of such a temper into the bloodieſt exceſſes.

Thus far this one fatal and extravagant paſſion, accounts for the dark ſide of Herod's character. This governing principle being firſt laid open——all his other bad actions follow in courſe, like ſo many ſymptomatic complaints from the ſame diſtemper.

Let us ſee, if this was not the caſe even of his virtues too.

At firſt ſight it ſeems a myſtery—how a man, ſo black as Herod has been thus far deſcribed——ſhould be able to ſupport himſelf, in the favor and friendſhip of ſo wiſe and penetrating a body of men, as the Roman ſenate, of whom he held his power. To counter-ballance the weight of ſo bad and deteſted a character—and be able to bear it up, as Herod did, one would think he muſt have been maſter of ſome great ſecret worth enquiring after—— he was ſo. But that ſecret was no other than what appears on this reverſe of his character. He was a perſon of great addreſs——popular in his outward behavior.——He was generous, prince-like in his entertainments and expences. The world was then as corrupt at leaſt, as now——and Herod underſtood it——knew at what price it was to be bought——and what qualities would bid the higheſt for its good word and approbation.

And in truth, he judged this matter ſo well—— that notwithſtanding the general odium and preposſeſſion which aroſe againſt ſo hateful a character——in ſpight of all the ill impreſſions, from ſo many repeated complaints of his cruelties and oppreſſions——he yet ſtemmed the torrent——and by the ſpecious diſplay of

these popular virtues bore himself up againſt it all his life. So that at length, when he was summoned to Rome to answer for his crimes——Josephus tells us——that by the mere magnificence of his expences——and the apparent generosity of his behavior, he entirely confuted the whole charge——and so ingratiated himself with the Roman senate——and won the heart of Auguſtus—(as he had that of Anthony before) that he ever after had his favor and kindness; which I cannot mention without adding——that it is an eternal ſtain upon the character and memory of Auguſtus, that he sold his countenance and protection to so bad a man, for so mean and base a consideration.

From this point of view, if we look back upon Herod—his beſt qualities will shrink into little room, and how glittering soever in appearance, when brought to this ballance, are found wanting. And in truth, if we would not willingly be deceived in the value of any virtue or set of virtues in so complex a character—we muſt call them to this very account; examine whom they serve, what passion and what principle they have for their maſter. When this is underſtood, the whole clew is unravelled at once, and the character of Herod, as complicated as it is given us in hiſtory——when thus analysed, is summed up in three words——*That he was a man of unbounded ambition, who ſtuck at nothing to gratify it,*——so that not only his vices were miniſterial to his ruling passion, but his virtues too (if they deserve the name) were drawn in, and liſted into the same service.

Thus much for the character of Herod——the critical review of which has many obvious uses, to which I may

trust you, having time but to mention that particular one which first led me into this examination, namely, that all objections against the evangelist's account of this day's slaughter of the Bethlemitish infants——from the incredibility of so horrid an account——are silenced by this account of the man; since in this, he acted but like himself, and just so as you would expect in the same circumstances, from every man of so ambitious a head—and so bad a heart.——Consider, what havock ambition has made—how often the same tragedy has been acted upon larger theatres——where not only the innocence of childhood——or the grey hairs of the aged, have found no protection——but whole countries without distinction have been put to the sword, or what is as cruel, have been driven forth to nakedness and famine to make way for new ones under the guidance of this passion.—— For a specimen of this, reflect upon the story related by Plutarch:——when by order of the Roman senate, seventy populous cities were unawares sacked and destroyed at one prefixed hour, by P. Æmilius—by whom one hundred and fifty thousand unhappy people were driven in one day into captivity—to be sold to the highest bidder to end their days in cruel labor and anguish. As astonishing as the account before us is, it vanishes into nothing from such views, since it is plain from all history, that there is no wickedness too great for so unbounded a cause, and that the most horrid accounts in history are, as I said above, but too probable effects of it.——

May God of his mercy defend mankind from future experiments of this kind——and grant we may make a proper use of them, for the sake of Jesus Christ, *Amen*.

SERMON X.

JOB'S ACCOUNT OF THE SHORTNESS AND TROUBLES OF LIFE, CONSIDERED.

JOB xiv. 1, 2.

Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble:—He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

THERE is something in this reflection of holy Job's, upon the shortness of life, and instability of human affairs, so beautiful and truly sublime; that one might challenge the writings of the most celebrated orators of antiquity, to produce a specimen of eloquence, so noble and thoroughly affecting. Whether this effect be owing in some measure, to the pathetic nature of the subject reflected on;—or to the eastern manner of expression, in a stile more exalted and suitable to so great a subject, or (which is the more likely account,) because they are properly the words of that being, who first inspired man with language, and taught his mouth to utter, who opened the lips of the dumb, and made the tongue of the infant eloquent;—to which of these we are to refer the beauty and sublimity of this, as well as that of numberless other passages in holy writ, may not now seem material; but surely without these helps, never man was better qualified to make just and noble reflections upon the shortness of life, and instability of human affairs, than Job was, who had himself waded through such a sea of troubles, and in his passage had encountered many vicissitudes of storms and sunshine, and by turns had felt both the ex-

tremes, of all the happiness, and all the wretchedness that mortal man is heir to.

The beginning of his days was crowned with every thing that ambition could wish for;—he was the greatest of all the men of the East,——had large and unbounded possessions, and no doubt enjoyed all the comforts and advantages of life, which they could administer.—Perhaps you will say, a wise man might not be inclined to give a full loose to this kind of happiness, without some better security for the support of it, than the mere possession of such goods of fortune, which often slip from under us, and sometimes unaccountably make themselves wings, and fly away.—But he had that security too,—for the hand of providence which had thus far protected, was still leading him forwards, and seemed engaged in the preservation and continuance of these blessings;—GOD had set a hedge about him, and about all that he had on every side, he had blessed all the works of his hands, and his substance increased every day. Indeed even with this security, riches to him that hath *neither child or brother*, as the wise man observes, instead of a comfort prove sometimes a sore travel and vexation.—The mind of man is not always satisfied with the reasonable assurance of its own enjoyments, but will look forwards, and if it discovers some imaginary void, the want of some beloved object to fill his place after him, will often disquiet itself in vain, and say——"For whom do I labour, and bereave myself of rest?"

This bar to his happiness GOD had likewise taken away, in blessing him with a numerous offspring of sons and daughters, the apparent inheritors of all his present

happiness.—Pleasing reflection! to think the blessings God has indulged one's self in, shall be handed and continued down to a man's own seed; how little does this differ from a second enjoyment of them, to an affectionate parent, who naturally looks forwards with as strong an interest upon his children, as if he was to live over again in his own posterity.

What could be wanting to finish such a picture of a happy man?——Surely nothing, except a virtuous disposition to give a relish to these blessings, and direct him to make a proper use of them.——He had that too, for he was a perfect and upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil.

In the midst of all this prosperity, which was as great as could well fall to the share of one man;—whilst all the world looked gay, and smiled upon him, and every thing round him seemed to promise, if possible, an increase of happiness, in one instant all is changed into sorrow and utter despair.——

It pleases God for wise purposes to blast the fortunes of his house, and cut off the hopes of his posterity, and in one mournful day, to bring this great prince from his palace down to the dunghill. His flocks and herds, in which consisted the abundance of his wealth, were part consumed by a fire from heaven, the remainder taken away by the sword of the enemy: his sons and daughters, whom 'tis natural to imagine so good a man had so brought up in a sense of their duty, as to give him all reasonable hopes of much joy and pleasure in their future lives;——natural prospect for a parent to look forwards at, to recom-

pense him for the many cares and anxieties which their infancy had coſt him! these dear pledges of his future happiness were all, all snatched from him at one blow, juſt at the time that one might imagine they were beginning to be the comfort and delight of his old age, which moſt wanted such ſtaves to lean on;—and as circumſtances add to an evil, so they did to this;——for it fell out not only by a very calamitous accident, which was grievous enough in itself, but likewise upon the back of his other misfortunes, when he was ill prepared to bear such a shock; and what would ſtill add to it, it happened at an hour when he had leaſt reason to expect it, when he would naturally think his children secure and out of the way of danger. "For whilſt they were feaſting and making merry in their eldeſt brother's house, a great wind out of the wilderness smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon them."

Such a concurrence of misfortunes are not the common lot of many: and yet there are inſtances of some who have undergone as severe trials, and bravely struggled under them; perhaps by natural force of spirits, the advantages of health, and the cordial aſſiſtance of a friend. And with these helps, what may not a man suſtain?—But this was not Job's case; for scarce had these evils fallen upon him, when he was not only borne down with a grievous diſtemper which afflicted him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, but likewise his three friends, in whose kind consolations he might have found a medicine,—even the wife of his bosom, whose duty it was with a gentle hand to have softened all his sorrows, inſtead of doing this, they cruelly insulted and became the reproachers of his integrity. O God! what is man

when thou thus bruiseſt him, and makeſt his burthen heavier as his ſtrength grows less?——Who, that had found himself thus an example of the many changes and chances of this mortal life;—when he considered himself now ſtripped and left deſtitute of so many valuable bleſsings which the moment before thy providence had poured upon his head;—when he reflected upon this gay delightsome ſtructure, in appearance so ſtrongly built, so pleasingly surrounded with every thing that could flatter his hopes and wishes, and beheld it all levelled with the ground in one moment, and the whole proſpect vanish with it like the description of an enchantment;—who I say that had seen and felt the shock of so sudden a revolution, would not have been furnished with juſt and beautiful reflections upon the occasion, and said with Job in the words of the text, that "man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of misery,——that he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The words of the text are an epitome of the *natural* and *moral* vanity of man, and contain two diſtinct declarations concerning his ſtate and condition in each reſpect.

Firſt, that he is a creature of few days; and secondly, that those days are full of trouble.

I shall make some reflections upon each of these in their order, and conclude with a practical lesson from the whole.

And firſt, that he is of few days. The comparison which Job makes use of, That man cometh forth like a flower, is

extremely beautiful, and more to the purpose than the most elaborate proof, which in truth the subject will not easily admit of;—the shortness of life being a point so generally complained of in all ages since the flood, and so universally felt and acknowledged by the whole species, as to require no evidence beyond a similitude; the intent of which is not so much to prove the fact, as to illustrate and place it in such a light as to strike us, and bring the impression home to ourselves in a more affecting manner.

Man comes forth, says Job, like a flower, and is cut down;——he is sent into the world the fairest and noblest part of GOD'S works,—fashioned after the image of his creator with respect to reason and the great faculties of the mind; he cometh forth glorious as the flower of the field; as it surpasses the vegetable world in beauty, so does he the animal world in the glory and excellencies of his nature.

The one——if no untimely accident oppress it, soon arrives at the full period of its perfection,—is suffered to triumph for a few moments, and is plucked up by the roots in the very pride and gayest stage of its being:—or if it happens to escape the hands of violence, in a few days it necessarily sickens of itself and dies away.

Man likewise, though his progress is slower, and his duration something longer, yet the periods of his growth and declension are nearly the same both in the nature and manner of them.

If he escapes the dangers which threaten his tenderer years, he is soon got into the full maturity and strength of

life; and if he is so fortunate as not to be hurried out of it then by accidents, by his own folly and intemperance ——if he escapes these, he naturally decays of himself; ——a period comes fast upon him, beyond which he was not made to last.——Like a flower or fruit which may be plucked up by force before the time of their maturity, yet cannot be made to outgrow the period when they are to fade and drop of themselves; when that comes, the hand of nature then plucks them both off, and no art of the botanist can uphold the one, or skill of the physician preserve the other, beyond the periods to which their original frames and constitutions were made to extend. As God has appointed and determined the several growths and decays of the vegetable race, so he seems as evidently to have prescribed the same laws to man, as well as all living creatures, in the first rudiments of which, there are contained the specifick powers of their growth, duration and extinction; and when the evolutions of those animal powers are exhausted and run down, the creature expires and dies of itself, as ripe fruit falls from the tree, or a flower preserved beyond its bloom drops and perishes upon the stalk.

Thus much for this comparison of Job's, which though it is very poetical, yet conveys a just idea of the thing referred to.——"That he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not"—is no less a faithful and fine representation of the shortness and vanity of human life, of which one cannot give a better explanation, than by referring to the original, from whence the picture was taken.——With how quick a succession, do days, months and years pass over our heads?—how truely like a shadow that departeth do they flee away insensibly, and scarce leave an im-

pression with us?——when we endeavor to call them back by reflection, and consider in what manner they have gone, how unable are the best of us to give a tolerable account?—and were it not for some of the more remarkable stages which have distinguished a few periods of this rapid progress——we should look back upon it all as Nebuchadnezzar did upon his dream when he awoke in the morning;——he was sensible many things had passed, and troubled him too; but had passed on so quickly, they had left no footsteps behind, by which he could be enabled to trace them back.—Melancholy account of the life of man! which generally runs on in such a manner, as scarce to allow time to make reflections which way it has gone.

How many of our first years slide by, in the innocent sports of childhood, in which we are not able to make reflections upon them?—how many more thoughtless years escape us in our youth, when we are unwilling to do it, and are so eager in the pursuit of pleasure as to have no time to spare, to stop and consider them?

When graver and riper years come on, and we begin to think it time to reform and set up for men of sense and conduct, then the business and perplexing interests of this world, and the endless plotting and contriving how to make the most of it, do so wholly employ us, that we are too busy to make reflections upon so unprofitable a subject.——As families and children increase, so do our affections, and with them are multiplied our cares and toils for their preservation and establishment;—all which take up our thoughts so closely, and possess them so long, that we are often overtaken by grey hairs before we see

them, or have found leisure to consider how far we were got,—what we have been doing,—and for what purpose GOD sent us into the world. As man may justly be said to be of few days considered with respect to this hasty succession of things, which soon carries him into the decline of his life, so may he likewise be said to flee like a shadow and continue not, when his duration is compared with other parts of GOD's works, and even the works of his own hands, which outlast him many generations;—whilst his—as Homer observes, like leaves, one generation drops, and another springs up to fall again and be forgotten.

But when we further consider his days in the light in which we ought chiefly to view them, as they appear in thy sight, O GOD! with whom a thousand years are but as yesterday; when we reflect that this hand-breadth of life is all that is measured out to us from that eternity for which he is created, how does his short span vanish to nothing in the comparison? 'Tis true, the greatest portion of time will do the same when compared with what is to come; and therefore so short and transitory a one, as threescore years and ten, beyond which all is declared to be labour and sorrow, may the easier be allowed: and yet how uncertain are we of that portion, short as it is? Do not ten thousand accidents break off the slender thread of human life, long before it can be drawn out to that extent?—The new-born babe falls down an easy prey, and moulders back again into dust, like a tender blossom put forth in an untimely hour.——The hopeful youth in the very pride and beauty of life is cut off, some cruel distemper or unthought of accident lays him prostrate upon the earth, to pursue Job's comparison, like a blooming flower

smit and shrivelled up with a malignant blaſt.——In this ſtage of life chances multiply upon us,—the ſeeds of diſorders are ſown by intemperance or neglect,——infectious diſtempers are more easily contracted, when contracted they rage with greater violence, and the ſucceſs in many cases is more doubtful, insomuch that they who have exercised themselves in computations of this kind tell us, "That one half of the whole species which are born into the world, go out of it again, and are all dead in so short a space as the firſt seventeen years."

These reflections may be sufficient to illuſtrate the firſt part of Job's declaration, "*That man is of few days.*" Let us examine the truth of the other, and see, whether he is not likewise full of trouble.

And here we muſt take not our account from the flattering outside of things, which are generally set off with a glittering appearance enough, especially in what is called *higher life*.—Nor can we safely truſt the evidence of some of the more merry and thoughtless amongſt us, who are so set upon the enjoyment of life as seldom to reflect upon the troubles of it;—or who, perhaps, because they are not yet come to this portion of their inheritance, imagine it is not their common lot.——Nor laſtly, are we to form an idea of it, from the delusive ſtories of a few of the moſt prosperous passengers, who have fortunately sailed through and escaped the rougher toils and diſtresses. But we are to take our account from a close survey of human life, and the real face of things, ſtript of every thing that can palliate or gild it over. We muſt hear the general complaint of all ages, and read the hiſtories of mankind. If we look into them, and examine them to the bottom,

what do they contain but the history of sad and uncomfortable passages, which a good-natured man cannot read but with oppression of spirits.——Consider the dreadful succession of wars in one part or other of the earth, perpetuated from one century to another with so little intermission, that mankind have scarce had time to breathe from them, since ambition first came into the world; consider the horrid effects of them in all those barbarous devastations we read of, where whole nations have been put to the sword, or have been driven out to nakedness and famine to make room for new comers.—Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this, have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.——Consider slavery,—what it is,—how bitter a draught, and how many millions have been made to drink of it;—which if it can poison all earthly happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies, what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind? ——To conceive this, look into the history of the Romish church and her tyrants, (or rather executioners) who seem to have taken pleasure in the pangs and convulsions of their fellow creatures.——Examine the inquisition, hear the melancholy notes sounded in every cell.—— Consider the anguish of mock trials, and the exquisite tortures consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary soul has so often wished to take its leave,—but cruelly not suffered to depart.——Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been haled from thence in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and a bloody religion has condemned them.

If this sad history and detail of the more public causes of the miseries of man are not sufficient, let us behold him in another light with respect to the more private causes of them, and see whether he is not full of trouble likewise there, and almost born to it as naturally as the sparks fly upwards. If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities (whether real or imaginary) which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations and dependencies are to be seen, issuing from thence to perplex and make his being uneasy?——How many justlings and hard struggles do we undergo, in making our way in the world?—How barbarously held back?——How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread?——How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all their lives long in bitterness?

If we shift the scene, and look upwards, towards those whose situation in life seems to place them above the sorrows of this kind, yet where are they exempt from others? Do not all ranks and conditions of men meet with sad accidents and numberless calamities in other respects, which often make them go heavily all their lives long?

How many fall into chronical infirmities, which render both their days and nights restless and insupportable? —How many of the highest rank are tore up with ambition, or soured with disappointments, and how many more from a thousand secret causes of disquiet pine away in silence, and owe their deaths to sorrow and dejection of heart?——If we cast our eyes upon the lowest class and condition of life,——the scene is more melancholy

ſtill.——Millions of our fellow creatures, born to no inheritance but poverty and trouble, forced by the neceſſity of their lots to drudgery and painful employments, and hard ſet with that too, to get enough to keep themſelves and families alive.——So that upon the whole, when we have examined the true ſtate and condition of human life, and have made ſome allowances for a few fugacious, deceitful pleaſures, there is ſcarce any thing to be found which contradicts Job's deſcription of it.——Which ever way we look abroad, we ſee ſome legible characters of what GOD firſt denounced againſt us, "That in ſorrow we ſhould eat our bread, till we return to the ground, from whence we were taken." [1]

But ſome one will ſay, Why are we thus to be put out of love with human life? To what purpoſe is it to expoſe the dark ſides of it to us, or enlarge upon the infirmities which are natural, and conſequently out of our power to redreſs?

I anſwer, that the ſubject is nevertheleſs of great importance, ſince it is neceſſary every creature ſhould underſtand his preſent ſtate and condition, to put him in mind of behaving ſuitably to it.——Does not an impartial ſurvey of man——the holding up this glaſs to ſhew him his defects and natural infirmities, naturally tend to cure his pride and cloath him with humility, which is a dreſs that beſt becomes a ſhort-lived and a wretched creature?——Does not the conſideration of the ſhortneſs of our life, convince us of the wiſdom of dedicating ſo ſmall a portion to the great purpoſes of eternity?

[1] N.B. Moſt of theſe reflections upon the miſeries of life are taken from Woollaſton.

Lastly, When we reflect that this span of life, short as it is, is chequered with so many troubles, that there is nothing in this world springs up, or can be enjoyed without a mixture of sorrow, how insensibly does it incline us to turn our eyes and affections from so gloomy a prospect, and fix them upon that happier country, where afflictions cannot follow us, and where GOD will wipe away all tears from off our faces for ever and ever? Amen.

SERMON XI.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

JAMES i. 26.

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain.

OF the many duties owing both to GOD and our neighbour, there are scarce any men so bad, as not to acquit themselves of some, and few so good, I fear, as to practise all.

Every man seems willing enough to compound the matter, and adopt so much of the system, as will least interfere with his principal and ruling passion, and for those parts, which would occasion a more troublesome opposition, to consider them as hard sayings, and so leave them for those to practise, whose natural tempers are better suited for the struggle. So that a man shall be covetous, oppressive, revengeful, neither a lover of truth, or common honesty, and yet at the same time, shall be *very* religious, and so sanctified, as not once to fail of paying his morning and evening sacrifice to GOD. So, on the other hand, a man shall live without GOD in the world, have neither any great sense of religion, or indeed pretend to have any, and yet be of nicest honor, conscientiously just and fair in all his dealings. And here it is that men generally betray themselves, deceiving, as the apostle says, their own hearts; of which the instances are so various, in one degree or other throughout human life, that one might safely say, the bulk of mankind live in such a contradiction to themselves, that there is no cha-

racter so hard to be met with as one, which upon a critical examination will appear altogether uniform, and in every point consistent with itself.

If such a contrast was only observable in the different stages of a man's life, it would cease to be either a matter of wonder, or of just reproach. Age, experience, and much reflection, may naturally enough be supposed to alter a man's sense of things, and so entirely to transform him, that not only in outward appearances, but in the very cast and turn of his mind, he may be as unlike and different from the man he was twenty or thirty years ago, as he ever was from any thing of his own species. This, I say, is naturally to be accounted for, and in some cases might be praiseworthy too; but the observation is to be made of men in the same period of their lives, that in the same day, sometimes in the very same action, they are utterly inconsistent and irreconcileable with themselves.—Look at a man in one light, and he shall seem wise, penetrating, discreet, and brave: behold him in another point of view, and you see a creature all over folly and indiscretion, weak and timorous, as cowardice and indiscretion can make him. A man shall appear gentle, courteous and benevolent to all mankind; follow him into his own house, may be you see a tyrant, morose and savage to all, whose happiness depends upon his kindness. A third in his general behavior is found to be generous, disinterested, humane and friendly,—hear but the sad story of the friendless orphans, too credulously trusting all their little substance into his hands, and he shall appear more sordid, more pitiless and unjust, than the injured themselves have bitterness to paint him. Another shall be charitable to the poor, uncharitable in his censures and opinions of

all the reſt of the world besides;——temperate in his appetites, intemperate in his tongue; shall have too much conscience and religion to cheat the man who truſts him, and perhaps as far as the business of debtor and creditor extends, shall be juſt and scrupulous to the uttermoſt mite; yet in matters of full as great concern, where he is to have the handling of the parties reputation and good name,—the deareſt, the tendereſt property the man has, he will do him irreparable damage, and rob him there without measure or pity.—

And this seems to be that particular piece of inconsistency and contradiction which the text is levelled at, in which the words seem so pointed, as if St. James had known more flagrant inſtances of this kind of delusion than what had fallen under the observation of any of the reſt of the apoſtles; he being more remarkably vehement and copious upon that subject than any other.

Doubtless some of his converts had been notoriously wicked and licentious, in this remorseless practice of defamation and evil-speaking. Perhaps the holy man, though spotless as an angel, (for no character is too sacred for calumny to blacken,) had grievously suffered himself, and as his blessed maſter foretold him, had been cruelly reviled, and evil *spoken* of.

All his labours in the gospel, his unaffected and perpetual sollicitude for the preservation of his flock, his watchings, his faſtings, his poverty, his natural simplicity and innocence of life, *all* perhaps were not enough to defend him from this unruly weapon, so full of deadly poison. And what in all likelyhood might move his sorrow and indignation more, some who seemed the moſt

devout and zealous of all his converts, were the moſt merciless and uncharitable in that reſpect. Having a form of godliness, full of bitter envyings and ſtrife.

With such it is that he expoſtulates so largely in the third chapter of his epiſtle; and there is something in his vivacity tempered with such affection and concern, as well suited the character of an inspired man. My brethren, says the apoſtle, these things ought not to be.——The wisdom that is from above is pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy, without partiality, without hypocrisy. The wisdom from above,—that heavenly religion which I have preached to you, is pure, alike and consiſtent with itself in all its parts; like its great author, 'tis universally kind and benevolent in all cases and circumſtances. Its firſt glad tydings, were peace upon earth, good will towards men; its chief corner ſtone, its moſt diſtinguishing character is love, that kind principle which brought it down, in the pure exercise of which consiſts the chief enjoyment of heaven from whence it came. But this practice my brethren, cometh not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish, full of confusion and every evil work. Reflect then a moment; can a fountain send forth at the same place, sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree my brethren bear olive berries, either a vine, figs? Lay your hands upon your hearts, and let your consciences speak. —Ought not the same juſt principle which reſtrains you from cruelty and wrong in one case, equally to withold you from it in another?—Should not charity and good will like the principle of life, circulating through the smalleſt vessels in every member, ought it not to operate as regularly upon you, throughout, as well upon your words, as upon your actions?

If a man is wise and endued with knowledge, let him shew it, out of a good conversation, with meekness of wisdom. But—if any man amongst you, seemeth to be religious—seemeth to be,——for truly religious he cannot be,——and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.——This is the full force of St. James's reasoning, upon which I have dwelt the more, it being the foundation, upon which is grounded this clear decision of the matter left us in the text. In which the apostle seems to have set the two characters of a saint and a slanderer at such variance, that one would have thought they could never have had a heart to have met together again. But there are no alliances too strange for this world.——How many may we observe every day, even of the gentler sex, as well as our own, who without conviction of doing much wrong, in the midst of a full career of calumny and defamation, rise up punctual at the stated hour of prayer, leave the cruel story half untold till they return,—go,—and kneel down before the throne of heaven, thank GOD that he had not made them like others, and that his Holy Spirit had enabled them to perform the duties of the day, in so christian and conscientious a manner!

This delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment;——whether oftener out of a principle of levelling from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others; whether a mean ambition or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients,)——or lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self: to which one, or whe-

ther to all jointly we are indebted for this contagious malady; thus much is certain, from whatever seeds it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilized people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection, upon an undesigning action; to invent, or which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind; perhaps his bread,———the bread may be of a virtuous family; and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth firebrands, arrows and death, and saith, Am I not in sport? all this, out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self-love, may have been said in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened in the world; but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare and difficult a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens above once in an age.

But whatever was the case, when St. James wrote his epistle, we have been very successful in later days, and have found out the art, by a proper management of light and shade, to compound all these vices together, so as to give body and strength to the whole, whilst no one but a discerning artist is able to discover the labours that join

in finishing the picture.—And indeed, like many other bad originals in the world,—it ſtands in need of all the diſguiſe it has.—For who could be enamoured of a character, made up of ſo loathſome a compound,—could they behold it naked,—in its crooked and deformed ſhape,——with all its natural and deteſted infirmities laid open to public view?

And therefore, it were to be wiſhed, that one could do in this malignant caſe of the mind,——what is generally done for the public good, in the more malignant and epidemical caſes of the body,——that is,——when they are found infectious,——to write a hiſtory of the diſtemper,——and aſcertain all the ſymptoms of the malady, ſo that every one might know, whom he might venture to go near, with tolerable ſafety to himſelf.—But alas! the ſymptoms of this appear in ſo many ſtrange, and contradictory ſhapes, and vary ſo wonderfully with the temper and habit of the patient, that they are not to be claſſed,—or reduced to any one regular ſyſtem.

Ten thouſand are the vehicles, in which this deadly poiſon is prepared and communicated to the world,——and by ſome artful hands, 'tis done by ſo ſubtle and nice an infuſion, that it is not to be taſted or diſcovered, but by its effects.

How frequently is the honeſty and integrity of a man, diſpoſed of, by a ſmile or a ſhrug?—How many good and generous actions, have been ſunk into oblivion, by a diſtruſtful look,—or ſtampt with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a myſterious and ſeaſonable whiſper?

Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them,——we shall find no better account. ——How large a portion of chaſtity is sent out of the world by diſtant hints,——nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those, who are passed all temptation of it themselves.—How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—— which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling,—that she is heartily sorry for it,—hopes in GOD it is not true;—however, as Arch-bishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the mean time to give the report her pass, that at leaſt it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world,—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those, into whose hands it shall happen to fall.

So fruitful is this vice in variety of expedients, to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smoother weapons cut so sore,——what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal—subjected to no caution,—tied down to no reſtraints?—If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief,—— this like the peſtilence, which rageth at noon day, sweeps all before it, levelling without diſtinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand,——they fall,——so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds,—or the anguish of heart,—which they have occasioned.—

But there is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.

And here it may be asked,—Whether the inconveniences and ill effects which the world feels,—from the licentiousness of this practice——are not sufficiently counterballanced by the real influence it has upon mens lives and conduct?—That if there was no evil-speaking in the world, thousands would be encouraged to do ill,—and would rush into many indecorums, like a horse into the battle,—were they sure to escape the tongues of men.

That if we take a general view of the world,——we shall find that a great deal of virtue,——at least of the outward appearance of it,——is not so much from any fixed principle, as the terror of what the world will say,——and the liberty it will take upon the occasions we shall give.

That if we descend to particulars, numbers are every day taking more pains to be well spoken of,—than what would actually enable them to live so as to deserve it.

That there are many of both sexes, who can support life well enough, without honor or chastity,——who without reputation, (which is but the opinion which the world has of the matter,) would hide their heads in shame, and sink down in utter despair of happiness.—No doubt the tongue is a weapon, which does chastise many indecorums, which the laws of men will not reach,—and keeps many in awe,—whom conscience will not,—and where the case is indisputably flagrant,—the speaking of it in such words as it deserves,—scarce comes within the prohibition.—In many cases, 'tis hard to express ourselves so as to fix a distinction betwixt opposite characters,——and sometimes it may be as much a debt we

owe to virtue, and as great a piece of justice to expose a vicious character, and paint it in its proper colours,—— as it is to speak well of the deserving, and describe his particular virtues.——And, indeed, when we inflict this punishment upon the bad, merely out of principle, and without indulgences to any private passion of our own, —'tis a case which happens so seldom, that one might venture to except it.

However to those, who in this objection are really concerned for the cause of virtue, I cannot help recommending what would much more effectually serve her interest, and be a surer token of their zeal and attachment to her. And that is,—in all such plain instances where it seems to be duty, to fix a distinction betwixt the good and the bad,—to let their actions speak it, instead of their words, or at least to let them both speak one language. We all of us talk so loud against vicious characters, and are so unanimous in our cry against them,—that an unexperienced man, who only trusted his ears, would imagine the whole world was in an uproar about it, and that mankind were all associating together, to hunt vice utterly out of the world.———Shift the scene,—and let him behold the reception which vice meets with,—he will see the conduct and behavior of the world towards it, so opposite to their declarations,—he will find all he heard, so contradicted by what he saw,—as to leave him in doubt, which of his senses he is to trust,—or in which of the two cases, mankind were really in earnest. Was there virtue enough in the world to make a general stand against this contradiction,—that is,—was every one who deserved to be ill spoken of—sure to be ill looked on—too; was it a certain consequence of the loss of a man's character,—to

lose his friends,—to lose the advantages of his birth and fortune,—and thenceforth be universally shunned, universally slighted.——

Was no quality a shelter against the indecorums of the other sex, but was every woman without distinction,—who had justly forfeited her reputation,—from that moment was she sure to forfeit likewise all claim to civility and respect.——

Or in a word,—could it be established as a law in our ceremonial,——that where ever characters in either sex were become notorious,—it should be deemed infamous, either to pay or receive a visit from them, and that door should be shut against them in all public places, till they had satisfied the world, by giving testimony of a better life. —A few such plain and honest maxims faithfully put in practice,——would force us upon some degree of reformation. Till this is done,—it avails little that we have no mercy upon them with our tongues, since they escape without feeling any other inconvenience.

We all cry out that the world is corrupt,——and I fear too justly;—but we never reflect, what we have to thank for it, and that it is our open countenance of vice, which gives the lye to our private censures of it, which is its chief protection and encouragement.—To those however, who still believe, that evil-speaking is some terror to evil doers, one may answer, as a great man has done upon the occasion,—that after all our exhortations against it,—'tis not to be feared, but that there will be evil-speaking enough left in the world to chastise the guilty,—and we may safely trust them to an ill-natured

world, that there will be no failure of justice upon this score.——The passions of men are pretty severe executioners, and to them let us leave this ungrateful task, ——and rather ourselves endeavor to cultivate that more friendly one, recommended by the apostle,—of letting all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from us,—of being kind to one another,—tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as GOD for Christ's sake forgave us. Amen.

SERMON XII.

JOSEPH'S HISTORY CONSIDERED. FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

GENESIS l. 15.

And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him.

THERE are few instances of the exercise of particular virtues which seem harder to attain to, or which appear more amiable and engaging in themselves, than those of moderation and the forgiveness of injuries; and when the temptations against them, happen to be heightened by the bitterness of a provocation on one hand, and the fairness of an opportunity to retaliate on the other, the instances *then* are truly great and heroic. The words of the text, which are the consultation of the sons of Jacob amongst themselves upon their father Israel's death, when because it was in Joseph's power to revenge the deadly injury they had formerly done him, they concluded in course, that it was in his intention, will lead us to a beautiful example of this kind in the character and behavior of Joseph consequent thereupon; and as it seems a perfect and very engaging pattern of forbearance, it may not be improper to make it serve for the groundwork of a discourse upon that subject.——The whole transaction from the first occasion given by Joseph in his youth, to this last act of remission, at the conclusion of his life, may be said to be a masterpiece of history. There is not only in the manner throughout such a happy though uncommon mixture of simplicity and grandeur, which is a double character so hard to be united, that it is seldom

to be met with in compositions merely human;——but it is likewise related with the greatest variety of tender and affecting circumstances, which would afford matter for reflections useful for the conduct of almost every part and stage of a man's life.——But as the words of the text, as well as the intention and compass of this discourse, particularly confine me to speak only to one point, namely, the forgiveness of injuries, it will be proper only to consider such circumstances of the story, as will place this instance of it in its just light; and then proceed to make a more general use of the great example of moderation and forbearance, which sets it before us.

It seems strange at first sight, that after the sons of Jacob had fallen into Joseph's power, when they were forced by the soreness of the famine to go down into Egypt to buy corn, and had found him too good a man even to expostulate with them for an injury, which he seemed then to have digested, and piously to have resolved into the over-ruling providence of GOD, for the preservation of much people, how they could ever after question the uprightness of his intentions, or entertain the least suspicion that his reconciliation was dissembled. Would not one have imagined, that the man who had discovered such a goodness of soul, that he sought where to weep, because he could not bear the struggles of a counterfeited harshness, could never be suspected afterwards of intending a real one;—and that he only waited till their father Israel's death to requite them all the evil which they had done unto him. What still adds to this difficulty is, that his affectionate manner in making himself known to them;—his goodness in forbearing, not only to reproach them for the injury they had formerly done him, but ex-

tenuating and excusing the fault to themselves, his comforting and speaking kindly to them, and seconding all with the tenderest marks of an undisguised forgiveness, in falling upon their necks, and weeping aloud, that all the house of Pharaoh heard him;——that moreover this behavior of Joseph could not appear to them, to be the effect of any warm and sudden transport, which might as suddenly give way to other reflections, but that it evidently sprung from a settled principle of uncommon generosity in his nature, which was above the temptation of making use of an opportunity for revenge, which the course of GOD'S providence had put into his hands for better purposes; and what might still seem to confirm this, was the evidence of his actions to them afterwards, in bringing them and all their houshold up out of Canaan, and placing them near him in the land of Goshen, the richest part of Egypt, where they had had so many years experience of his love and kindness. And yet it is plain all this did not clear his motive from suspicion, or at least themselves of some apprehensions of a change in his conduct towards them. And was it not that the whole transaction was wrote under the direction of the Spirit of truth, and that other historians concur in doing justice to Joseph's character, and speak of him as a compassionate, and merciful man, one would be apt, you will say, to imagine here, that Moses might possibly have omitted some circumstances of Joseph's behavior, which had alarmed his brethren, betwixt the time of his first reconciliation and that of their father's death.——For they could not be suspicious of his intentions without some cause, and fear where no fear was. But does not a guilty conscience often do so; and though it has the grounds, yet wants the power to think itself safe.

And could we look into the hearts of those who know they deserve ill, we should find many an instance, where a kindness from an injured hand, where there was least reason to expect one, has struck deeper and touched the heart with a degree of remorse and concern, which perhaps no severity or resentment could have reached. This reflection will in some measure help to explain this difficulty, which occurs in the story. For it is observable, that when the injury they had done their brother was first committed, and the fact was fresh upon their minds, and most likely to have filled them with a sense of guilt, we find no acknowledgment or complaint to one another of such a load, as one might imagine it had laid upon them; and from that event, through a long course of years to the time they had gone down to Egypt, we read not once of any sorrow or compunction of heart, which they had felt during all that time, for what they had done. They had artfully imposed upon their parent—(and as men are ingenious casuists in their own affairs,) they had, probably, as artfully imposed upon their own consciences;——and possibly had never impartially reflected upon the action, or considered it in its just light, till the many acts of their brother's love and kindness had brought it before them, with all the circumstances of aggravation which his behavior would naturally give it.—They then began maturely to consider what they had done,——that they had first undeservedly hated him in his childhood for that, which if it was a ground of complaint, ought rather to have been charged upon the indiscretion of the parent than considered as a fault in him. That upon a more just examination and a better knowledge of their brother, they had wanted even that pretence.——It was not a blind partiality which seemed first to have directed their

father's affection to him,—though then they thought so,—for doubtless so much goodness and benevolence as shone forth in his nature, now that he was a man, could not lay all of it so deep concealed in his youth, but the sagacity of a parent's eye would discover it, and that in course their enmity towards him was founded upon that which ought to have won their esteem.—That if he had incautiously added envy to their ill will in reporting his dreams, which presaged his future greatness, it was but the indiscretion of a youth unpractised in the world, who had not yet found out the art of dissembling his hopes and expectations, and was scarce arrived at an age to comprehend there was such a thing in the world as envy and ambition:—that if such offences in a brother, so fairly carried their own excuses with them, what could they say for themselves, when they considered it was for this they had almost unanimously conspired to rob him of his life;—and though they were happily restrained from shedding his blood upon Reuben's remonstrance, that they had nevertheless all the guilt of the intention to answer for. That whatever motive it was, which then stayed their hands, their consciences told them, it could not be a good one, since they had changed the sentence for one no less cruel in itself, and what to an ingenuous nature was worse than death, to be sold for a slave.—The one was common to all,——the other only to the unfortunate. That it was not compassion which then took place, for had there been any way open to that, his tears and entreaties must have found it, when they saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought and they would not hear.——That if aught still could heighten the remorse of banishing a youth without provocation, for ever from his country, and the protection of his parent, to be exposed naked to the buf-

fetings of the world, and the rough hand of some merciless master, they would find it in this reflection, "That the many afflictions and hardships, which they might naturally have expected would overtake the lad, consequent upon this action, had actually fallen upon him."

That besides the anguish of suspected virtue, he had felt that of a prison, where he had long lain neglected in a friendless condition; and where the affliction of it was rendered still sharper by the daily expectation of being remembered by Pharaoh's chief butler, and the disappointment of finding himself ungratefully forgotten. ——And though Moses tells us, that he found favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison, yet the Psalmist acquaints us that his sufferings were still grievous;—*That his feet were hurt with fetters*, and the iron entered *even into his soul*. And no doubt, his brethren thought the sense of their injury must have entered at the same time, and was then rivetted and fixed in his mind for ever.

It is natural to imagine they argued and reflected in this manner, and there seems no necessity of seeking for the reason of their uneasiness and distrust in Joseph's conduct, or any other external cause, since the inward workings of their own minds will easily account for the evil they apprehended.——A series of benefits and kindnesses from the man they had injured, gradually heightened the idea of their own guilt, till at length they could not conceive, how the trespass could be forgiven them; ——it appeared with such fresh circumstances of aggravation, that though they were convinced his resentment slept, yet they thought it only slept, and was likely some time or other to awake, and most probably then, that their

father was dead, when the consideration of involving him in his revenge hath ceased, and all the duty and compassion he owed to the grey hairs and happiness of a parent was discharged, and buried with him.

This they express in the consultation held amongst themselves in the words of the text; and in the following verse, we find them accordingly sending to him to deprecate the evil they dreaded; and either, because they thought their father's name more powerful than their own, in this application—or rather, that they might not commit a fresh injury in seeming to suspect his sincerity, they pretend their father's direction; for we read they sent messengers unto Joseph saying, Thy father did command before he died saying,—so shall ye say unto Joseph,——"Forgive I pray thee now the trespass of thy brethren and their sin, for they did unto thee evil: and now we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father." The address was not without art, and was conceived in such words as seemed to suggest an argument in their favor,—as if it would not become him, who was but a fellow servant of their father's God, to harbour revenge, or use the power their father's God had given him against his children. Nor was there a reason in any thing, but the fears of a guilty conscience to apprehend it, as appears from the reception which the address met, which was such as bespoke an uncommon goodness of nature; for when they thus spake unto him,——the historian says, he wept. Sympathy, for the sorrow and distress of so many sons of his father, now all in his power,—pain at so open and ingenuous a confession of their guilt,—concern and pity for the long punishment they must have endured by so stubborn a remorse, which so

many years seemed not to have diminished. The affecting idea of their condition, which had seemed to reduce them to the necessity of holding up their hands for mercy, when they had loſt their protector,—so many tender passions ſtruggling together at once overcame him;—he burſt into tears, which spoke what no language could attempt. It will be needless therefore to enlarge any further upon this incident, which furnishes us with so beautiful a picture of a compassionate and forgiving temper, that I think no words can heighten it;———but rather let us endeavor to find out by what helps and reasoning, the patriarch might be supposed to attain to so exalted and engaging a virtue. Perhaps you will say, "That one so thoroughly convinced, as Joseph seemed to be, of the over-ruling providence of GOD, which so evidently made use of the malice and passions of men, and turns them as inſtruments in his hands to work his own righteousness and bring about his eternal decrees,—and of which his own hiſtory was so plain an inſtance, could not have far to seek for an argument to forgiveness, or feel much ſtruggle in ſtifling an inclination againſt it.———But let any man lay his hand upon his heart and say, how often, in inſtances where anger and revenge had seized him, has this doctrine come in to his aid.———In the bitterness of an affront, how often has it calmed his passions, and checked the fury of his resentment?—True and universally believed as the doctrine is amongſt us, it seldom does this service, though so well suited for it, and like some wise ſtatute, never executed or thought of, though in full force, lies as unheeded as if it was not in being.

'Tis plain 'twas otherways in the present inſtance, where Joseph seems to acknowledge the influence it had

upon him, in his declaration,—"*That* it was not they, but GOD who sent him." And does not this virtue shine the brightest in such a pious application of the persuasion to so benevolent a purpose?

Without derogating from the merit of his forbearance, he might be supposed to have cast an eye upon the change and uncertainty of human affairs which he had seen himself, and which had convinced him we were all in another's power by turns, and stand in need of one another's pity and compassion:——and that to restrain the cruelties, and stop the insolences of men's resentments, GOD has so ordered it in the course of his providence, that very often in this world—our revenges return upon our own heads, and men's violent dealings upon their own pates.

That besides these considerations,——that in generously forgiving an enemy; he was the truest friend to his own character, and should gain more to it by such an instance of subduing his spirit, than if he had taken a city. ——The brave know only how to forgive;——it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue, human nature can arrive at.—[1] Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought—nay sometimes even conquered;——but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature;——the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness. Moreover, setting aside all considerations of his character, in passing by an injury, he was the truest friend likewise to his own happiness and peace of mind; he never

[1] Christian Hero.

felt that fretful ſtorm of passions, which hurry men on to acts of revenge, or suffered those pangs or horror which pursue it.—Thus he might possibly argue, and no further;—for want of a better foundation and better helps, he could raise the building no higher;——to carry it upwards to its perfection we muſt call in to our aid that more spiritual and refined doctrine introduced upon it by Chriſt; namely, to forgive a brother, not only to seven times, but to seventy times seven——that is, without limitation.

In this, the excellency of the gospel is said by some one, to appear with a remarkable advantage; "That a chriſtian is as much disposed to love and serve you, when your enemy, as the mere moral man can be, when he is your friend."——This no doubt is the tendency of his religion—but how often, or in what degrees it succeeds, ——how nearly the practice keeps pace with the theory, the all-wise searcher into the hearts of men, alone is able to determine. But it is to be feared, that such great effects are not so sensibly felt, as a speculative man would expect from such powerful motives; and there is many a christian society, which would be glad to compound amongſt themselves for some lesser degrees of perfection on one hand, were they sure to be exempted on the other, from the bad effects of those fretful passions which are ever taking, as well as ever giving the occasions of ſtrife; the beginnings of which, Solomon aptly compares to the letting out of waters, the opening a breach which no one can be sure to ſtop, till it has proceeded to the moſt fatal events.

With juſtice therefore might the son of Syrach con-

clude, concerning pride, that secret ſtream, which adminiſters to the overflowings of resentments, that it was not made for man, nor furious anger for him that is born of a woman. That the one did not become his ſtation, and that the other was deſtructive to all the happiness he was intended to receive from it. How miserably then muſt those men turn tyrants againſt themselves, as well as others, who grow splenetic and revengeful not only upon the little unavoidable oppositions and offences they muſt meet with, in the commerce of the world; but upon those which only reach them by report, and accordingly torment their little souls with meditating how to return the injury, before they are certain they have received one? Whether this eager sensibility of wrongs and resentment arises from that general cause, to which the son of Syrach seems to reduce all fierce anger and passion; or whether to a certain soreness of temper, which ſtands in every body's way, and therefore subject to be often hurt. From which ever cause the disorder springs, the advice of the author of the book of Eccleſiaſticus is proper: "Admonish a friend, says he, it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it not again. Admonish thy friend, it may be he hath not said it; and if he have, that he speak it not again. There is that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart: and who is he, who hath not offended with his tongue?"

I cannot help taking notice here of a certain species of forgiveness, which is seldom enforced or thought of, and yet is no way below our regard. I mean the forgiveness of those, if we may be allowed the expression, whom we have injured ourselves. One would think that the difficulty of forgiving could only reſt on the side of him, who

has received the wrong; but the truth of the fact is often otherwise. The consciousness of having provoked another's resentment, often excites the aggressor to keep beforehand with the man he has hurt, and not only to hate him for the evil he expects in return, but even to pursue him down, and put it out of his power to make reprisals.

The baseness of this is such, that it is sufficient to make the same observation, which was made upon the crime of parricide amongst the Grecians:—it was so black,—— their legislators did not suppose it could be committed, and therefore made no law to punish it.

SERMON XIII.

DUTY OF SETTING BOUNDS TO OUR DESIRES.

2 KINGS iv. 13.

And he said unto him, Say now unto her, Behold, thou haſt been careful of us with all this care;—what is to be done for thee?—wouldeſt thou be ſpoken for to the king, or the captain of the hoſt?——And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.

THE firſt part of the text is the words, which the prophet Elisha puts into the mouth of his servant Gehazi, as a message of thanks to the woman of Shunem for her great kindness and hospitality, of which, after the acknowledgment of his juſt sense, which Gehazi is bid to deliver in the words;——"Behold, thou haſt been careful for us with all this care;"—he directs him to enquire, in what manner he may beſt make a return in discharge of the obligation,—"What shall be done for thee? Wouldeſt thou be spoken for to the king, or the captain of the hoſt?" The laſt part of the text is the Shunamite's answer, which implies a refusal of the honor or advantage which the prophet intended to bring upon her, by such an application, which she indirectly expresses in her contentment and satisfaction, with what she enjoyed in her present ſtation; "I dwell amongſt mine own people." This inſtance of self-denial in the Shunamite, is but properly the introduction to her ſtory, and gives rise to that long and very pathetic transaction, which follows in the supernatural grant of a child, which GOD had many years denied her.—The affecting loss of him as soon as he was grown up—and his reſtoration to life by Elisha after he

had been some time dead; the whole of which, though extremely interesting, and from such incidents as would afford sufficient matter for instruction, yet as it will not fall within the intention of this discourse, I shall beg leave at this time barely to consider these previous circumstances of it, to which the text confines me, upon which I shall enlarge with such reflections as occur, and then proceed to that practical use and exhortation, which will naturally fall from it.

We find that after Elisha had rescued the distressed widow and her two sons from the hands of the creditor, by the miraculous multiplication of her oil;—that he passed on to Shunem, where, we read, was a great woman, and she constrained him to eat bread; and so it was, that as often as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. The sacred historian speaks barely of her temporal condition and station in life,—"That she was a great woman," but describes not the more material part of her, her virtues and character, because they were more evidently to be discovered from the transaction itself, from which it appears, that she was not only wealthy, but likewise charitable, and of a very considerate turn of mind. For after many repeated invitations and entertainments at her house, finding his occasions called him to a frequent passage that way;—she moves her husband to set up and furnish a lodging for him, with all the conveniencies which the simplicity of those times required: "And she said unto her husband, Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of GOD, which passeth by us continually; let us make him a little chamber I pray thee on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool and a candlestick; and it shall be when he cometh

to us, that he shall turn in thither."—She perceived he was a holy man,—she had had many opportunities, as he passed by them continually, of observing his behavior and deportment, which she had carefully remarked, and saw plainly what he was. That the sanctity and simplicity of his manners,—the severity of his life,—his zeal for the religion of his GOD, and the uncommon fervency of his devotion, when he worshipped before him, which seemed his whole business and employment upon earth;—all bespoke him not a man of this world, but one whose heart and affections were fixed upon another object, which were dearer and more important to him. But as such outward appearances may, and often have been counterfeited, so that the actions of a man are certainly the only interpreters to be relied on, whether such colours are true or false;——so she had heard that all was of a piece there, and that he was throughout consistent: that he had never in any one instance of his life, acted as if he had any views in the affairs of this world, in which he had never interested himself at all, but where the glory of his GOD, or the good and preservation of his fellow creatures at first inclined him:—that in a late instance before he came to Shunem, he had done one of the kindest and most charitable actions that a good man could have done in assisting the widow and fatherless;—and as the fact was singular, and had just happened before her knowledge of him, no doubt she had heard the story, with all the tender circumstances which a true report would give it in his favor; namely, that a certain woman whose husband was lately dead, and had left her with her children in a very helpless condition——very destitute—and what was still worse, charged with a debt she was not able to pay,—that her creditor bore exceeding hard upon her,

and finding her little worth in substance, was coming to take the advantage which the law allowed of seizing her two sons for his bondsmen;—so that she had not only lost her husband, which had made her miserable enough already, but was going to be bereaved of her children, which were the only comfort and support of her life; that upon her coming to Elisha with this sad story, he was touched with compassion for her misfortunes, and had used all the power and interest which he had with his GOD to relieve and befriend her, which in an unheard of manner, by the miraculous increase of her oil, which was the only substance she had left, he had so bountifully effected, as not only to disintangle her from her difficulties in paying the debt, but withal, what was still more generous, to enable her to live comfortably the remainder of her days. She considered that charity and compassion was so leading a virtue, and had such an influence upon every other part of a man's character, as to be a sufficient proof by itself of the inward disposition and goodness of the heart, but that so engaging an instance of it as this, exercised in so kind and seasonable a manner, was a demonstration of his,——and that he was in truth what outward circumstances bespoke, a holy man of GOD. ——As the Shunamite's principle and motive for her hospitality to Elisha was just, as it sprung from an idea of the worth and merit of her guest, so likewise was the manner of doing it kind and considerate. It is observable she does not sollicit her husband to assign him an apartment in her own house, but to build him a chamber in the wall apart;——she considered,——that true piety wanted not witnesses, and was always most at ease when most private;—that the tumult and distraction of a large family were not fit for the silent meditations of so holy a man,

who would perpetually there meet with something either to interrupt his devotion, or offend the purity of his manners;——that moreover, under such an independent roof, where he could take shelter as often as his occasions required, she thought he might taſte the pleasure which was natural to man, in possessing something like what he could call his own,——and what is no small part of conferring a favor, he would scarce feel the weight of it, or at leaſt much seldomer in this manner, than where a daily invitation and repetition of the kindness perpetually put him in mind of his obligation. If any thing could ſtill add to this—it was—that it did not appear to be the dry offer of a faint civillity, but that it came directly from the heart. There is a nicety in honeſt minds, which *will* not accept of a cold and suspected offer,—and even when it appears to be sincere and truely meant, there is a modeſty in true merit which knows not how to accept it; and no doubt she had one, if not both these difficulties to conquer in their turns.—For we read, that she conſtrained him, and in all likelyhood forced his acceptance of it with all the warmth and friendly openness of a humane and hospitable temper.

It is with benefits as with injuries in this respect, that we do not so much weigh the accidental good or evil they do us, as that which they were designed to do us.—— That is, we consider no part of them so much as their intention; and the prophet's behavior consequent upon this, shews he beheld it through this medium, or in some such advantageous light as I have placed it.

There is no burthen so heavy to a grateful mind, as a debt of kindness unpaid;——and we may believe Elisha

felt it so, from the earneſt desire which he had upon the immediate receipt of this, to discharge himself of it, which he expresses in the text in the warmeſt manner; ——"Behold, thou haſt been careful for us with all this care:——What shall be done for thee? Wouldeſt thou be spoken for to the king, or the captain of his hoſt?"—There is a degree of honeſt impatience in the words, such as was natural to a good man, who would not be behindhand with his benefactor.—But there is one thing which may seem ſtrange at firſt sight, that as her ſtation and condition in life was such, that she appeared rather to have abounded already than ſtood in want of any thing in this world which such an application could supply,—why the prophet should not rather have proposed some spiritual advantage, which, as it would better have become the sanctity of his character on the one hand, so, on the other, it would have done a more real and laſting service to his friend.

But we are to reflect, that in returning favors, we act differently from what we do in conferring them:——in the one case we simply consider what is beſt,——in the other, what is moſt acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party moſt good in the case where we beſtow a favor;——but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions who has obliged us, and endeavor to repay in such a manner as we think is moſt likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.—So that, though we are not to imagine Elisha could be wanting in religious duties, as well as wishes to so hospitable a friend, we may yet suppose, he was directed here by this principle of equity,——and that, in reflecting in

what manner he should requite his benefactress, he had considered, that to one of her affluent condition who had all the reasonablecomforts of an independent life, ——if there was any passion yet unsatisfied, it must certainly be ambition: that though in general it was an irregular appetite, which in most cases, twas dangerous to gratify, yet in effect, 'twas only so far criminal, as the power which is acquired was perverted to bad and vicious purposes, which it was not likely to be here, from the specimen she had already given of her disposition, which shewed, that if she did wish for an increase of wealth or honor, she wished it only, as it would enable her more generously to extend her arm in kind offices, and increase the power as well as the opportunities of doing good.

In justice to Elisha's motive, which must have been good, we must suppose, he considered his offer in this light; and what principally led him to propose it, was the great interest which he had with the king of Israel at that time, which he had merited by a signal service; and as he had no views for himself, he thought it could not be employed so well as in establishing the fortune of one, whose virtue might be so safely trusted with it. It was a justifiable prepossession in her favor,——though one, not always to be relied on; for there is many a one who in a moderate station, and with a lesser degree of power, who has behaved with honor and unblemished reputation, and who has even borne the buffetings of adverse fortunes well, and manifested great presence and strength of mind under it, whom nevertheless a high exaltation has at once overcome, and so entirely changed, as if the party had left not only his virtue, but even himself behind him.

Whether the Shunamite dreaded to make this dangerous experiment of herself,—or, which is more likely, that she had learned to set bounds to her desires, and was too well satisfied with her present condition to be tempted out of it, she declines the offer in the close of the text:—"I *dwell* amongst my own *people*;" as if she had said, "The intended kindness is far from being small, but it is not useful to me; I live here, as thou art a witness, in peace, in a contented obscurity;——not so high as to provoke envy, nor so low as to be trodden down and despised. In this safe and middle state, as I have lived amongst my own people, so let me die out of the reach, both of the cares and glories of the world.——'Tis fit, O holy man of GOD! that I learn some time or other to set bounds to my desires, and if I cannot fix them now, when I have already more than my wants require, when shall I hope to to it?——Or how should I expect, that even this increase of honor or fortune would fully satisfy and content my ambition, should I now give way to it?"

So engaging an instance of unaffected moderation and self-denial, deserves well to be considered by the bustlers in this world;——because if we are to trust the face and course of things, we scarce see any virtue so hard to be put in practice, and which the generality of mankind seem so unwilling to learn, as this of knowing when they have enough, and when it is time to give over their worldly pursuits.——Aye! but nothing is more easy, you will answer, than to fix this point, and set certain bounds to it.——"For my own part, you will say, I declare, I want and would wish no more, but a sufficient competency of those things, which are requisite to the real uses and occasions of life, suitable to the way I have been taught to

expect from use and education."—But recollect how seldom it ever happens, when these points are secured, but that new occasions and new necessities present themselves, and every day as you grow richer, fresh wants are discovered, which rise up before you, as you ascend the hill; so that every step you take,——every accession to your fortune, sets your desires one degree further from rest and satisfaction,——that something you have not yet grasped, and possibly never shall;——that devil of a phantom unpossessed and unpossessable, is perpetually haunting you, and stepping in betwixt you and your contentment.——Unhappy creature! to think of enjoying that blessing without moderation!—or imagine that so sacred a temple can be raised upon the foundation of wealth or power!——If the ground work is not laid within your own mind, they will as soon add a cubit to your stature, as to your happiness.——To be convinced it is so,—pray look up to those who have got as high as their warmest wishes could carry them in this ascent,—do you observe they live the better, the longer, the merrier,—or that they sleep the sounder in their beds, for having twice as much as they wanted, or well know how to dispose of? ——Of all rules for calculating happiness, this is the most deceitful, and which few but weak minds, and those unpractised in the world too, ever think of applying as the measure in such an estimation.——Great, and inexpressible may be the happiness, which a moderate fortune and moderate desires with a consciousness of virtue will secure.—Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises chearful to his labor;—why should they not?——Look into his house, the seat of each man's happiness; has he not the same domestic endearments, ——the same joy and comfort in his children, and as flat-

tering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the higheſt ſtation?——And I make no doubt in general, but if the true ſtate of his joy and ſufferings, could be fairly ballanced with thoſe of his betters, whether any thing would appear at the foot of the account, but what would recommend the moral of this diſcourſe.—This, I own, is not to be attained to, by the cynical ſtale trick of haranguing againſt the goods of fortune,—they were never intended to be talked out of the world.——But as virtue and true wiſdom lie in the middle of extremes,——on one hand, not to neglect and deſpiſe riches, ſo as to forget ourſelves, and on the other, not to purſue and love them ſo as to forget GOD;—to have them ſometimes in our heads,——but always, ſomething more important in our hearts.

SERMON XIV.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

ISAIAH i. 3.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;—but Israel doth not know,—my people doth not consider.

'TIS a severe but an affectionate reproach of the prophet's, laid against the Israelites,—which may safely be applied to every heedless, and unthankful people, who are neither won by GOD's mercies, or terrified by his punishments.——There is a giddy, thoughtless, intemperate spirit gone forth into the world, which possesses the generality of mankind,—and the reason the world is undone, is, because the world does not consider,—considers neither aweful regard to GOD,—or the true relation themselves bear to him.—Could they consider this, and learn to weigh the causes, and compare the consequences of things, and to exercise the reason, which GOD has put into us for the government and direction of our lives,—there would be some hopes of a reformation:——but, as the world goes, there is no leisure for such enquiries, and so full are our minds of other matters, that we have not time to ask, or a heart to answer the questions we ought to put to ourselves.

Whatever our condition is, 'tis good to be acquainted with it in time, to be able to supply what is wanting,—and examine the state of our accounts, before we come to give them up to an impartial judge.

The most inconsiderate see the reasonableness of this,—there being few I believe, either so thoughtless, or ev-

en so bad, but that they sometimes enter upon this duty, and have some short intervals of self-examination, which they are forced upon, if from no other motive, yet at leaſt to free themselves from the load and oppression of spirits, they muſt necessarily be subject to without it.——But as the scripture frequently intimates,—and observation confirms it daily,——that there are many miſtakes attending the discharge of this duty,—I cannot make the remainder of this discourse more useful, than by a short enquiry into them. I shall therefore, firſt, beg leave to remind you of some of the many unhappy ways, by which we often set about this irksome task of examining our works, without being either the better, or the wiser for for employment.

And firſt then let us begin with that, which is the foundation of almoſt all the other false measures we take in this matter,——that is, the setting about the examination of our works, before we are prepared with honeſt dispositions to amend them.—This is beginning the work at the wrong end. These previous dispositions in the heart, are the wheels that should make this work go easily and successfully forwards,——and to take them off, and proceed without them, 'tis no miracle, if like Pharaoh's chariots, they that drive them,——drive them heavily along.

Besides, if a man is not sincerely inclined to reform his faults,—'tis not likely he should be inclined to see them,——nor will all the weekly preparations that ever were wrote, bring him nearer the point;—so that with how serious a face soever he begins to examine,——he no longer does the office of an enquirer,—but an apologiſt, whose business is not to search for truth,——but

skilfully to hide it.——So long—therefore, as this pre-engagement lasts betwixt the man and his old habits, ——there is little prospect of proving his works to any good purpose—of whatever kind they are, with so strong an interest and power on their side.——As in other trials, so in this, 'tis no wonder, if the evidence is puzzled and confounded, and the several facts and circumstances so twisted from their natural shapes, and the whole proof so altered and confirmed on the other side,——as to leave the last state of that man even worse than the first.

A second unhappy, though general mistake in this great duty of proving our works,—is that which the apostle hints at; in the doing it, not by a direct examination of our own actions, but from a comparative view of them, with the lives and actions of other men.

When a man is going to enter upon this work of self-examination,——there is nothing so common, as to see him——look *round* him——instead of looking *within* him.—He looks round,—finds out some one, who is more malicious,—sees another that is more covetous, a third that is more proud and imperious than himself, ——and so indirectly forms a judgment of himself, not from a review of his life, and a proving of his own works as the apostle directs him, but rather from proving the works of others, and from their infirmities and defects drawing a deceitful conclusion in favor of himself.—— In all competitions of this kind—one may venture to say, there will be ever so much of self-love in a man, as to draw a flattering likeness of one of the parties——and 'tis well——if he has not so much malignity too, as to give but a coarse picture of the other,——finished with

so many hard strokes, as to make the one as unlike its original as the other.

Thus the pharisee when he entered the temple,——no sooner saw the publican, but that moment, he formed the idea to himself of all the vices and corruptions that could possibly enter into the man's character,——and with great dexterity stated all his own virtues and good qualities over-against them. His abstinence and frequent fasting,—exactness in the debts and ceremonies of the law; not ballancing the account as he ought to have done, in this manner:——What! though this man is a publican and a sinner, have not I my vices as well as he? 'Tis true, his particular office exposes him to many temptations of committing extortion and injustice;—but then —am not I a devourer of widows houses, and guilty of one of the most cruel instances of the same crime! He possibly is a prophane person, and may set religion at nought;—but do not I myself for a pretence make long prayers, and bring the greatest of all scandals upon religion, by making it the cloak to my ambition and worldly views?—If he, lastly, is debauched or intemperate—am not I conscious of as corrupt and wanton dispositions; and that a fair and guarded outside is my best pretence to the opposite character?

If a man will examine his works by a comparative view of them with others;—this, no doubt, would be the fairer way, and least likely to mislead him.——But as this is seldom the method this trial is gone through,—in fact it generally turns out to be as treacherous and delusive to the man himself,——as it is uncandid to the man, who is dragged into the comparison; and whoever judges of

himself by this rule,—so long as there is no scarcity of vicious characters in the world,—'tis to be feared, he will often take the occasions of triumph and rejoicing,——where in truth, he ought rather to be sorry and ashamed.

A third error in the manner of proving our works, is what we are guilty of, when we leave out of the calculation the only material parts of them;—I mean, the motives and first principles from whence they proceeded. There is many a fair instance of generosity, chastity, and self-denial, which the world may give a man the credit of,—which if he would give himself the leisure to reflect upon and trace back to their first springs,—he would be conscious, proceeded from such views and intentions, as if known, would not be to his honor.——The truth of this may be made evident by a thousand instances in life;——and yet there is nothing more usual than for a man when he is going upon this duty of self-examination,—instead of calling his own ways to remembrance,—to close the whole enquiry at once, with this short challenge;—"*That he defies the world to say ill of him.*" If the world has no express evidence, this indeed may be an argument of his good luck;—but no satisfactory one, of the real goodness and innocence of his life.—A man may be a very bad man,—and yet through caution,—through deep-laid policy and design may so guard all outward appearances, as never to want this negative testimony on his side;—*that the world knows no evil of him*,—how little soever he deserves it.—Of all assays upon a man's self, this may be said to be the slightest; this method of proving the goodness of our works—differing but little in kind from that unhappy one, which many unwary people take in proving the goodness of their coin,—who, if it hap-

pens to be suspicious,—instead of bringing it either to the ballance or the touch-stone to try its worth,—they ignorantly go forth; try, if they can pass it upon the world: —if so, all is well, and they are saved all the expence and pains of enquiring after and detecting the cheat.

A fourth error in this duty of examination of men's works,—is that of committing the task to others;—an error into which thousands of well-meaning creatures are insnared in the Romish church by her doctrines of auricular confession, of works of supererogation, and the many lucrative practices raised upon that capital stock, —the trade of which is carried to such a height in Popish countries, that if you was at Rome or Naples now, and was disposed in compliance with the apostle's exhortation in the text, to set about this duty, to prove your *own* works,——'tis great odds whether you would be suffered to do it yourself, without interruption; and you might be said to have escaped well, if the first person you consulted upon it did not talk you out of your resolution, and possibly your senses too at the same time.——Prove your works!—for heaven's sake, desist from so rash an undertaking!——what!—trust your own skill and judgment in a matter of so much difficulty and importance ——when there are so many whose business it is,—who understand it so well, and who can do it for you with so much safety and advantage!

If your works must be proved, you would be advised by all means to send them to undergo this operation with some one who knows what he is about, either some expert and noted confessor of the church,—or to some convent or religious society, who are in possession of a large

ſtock of good works of all kinds, wrought up by saints and confeſſors, where you may ſuit yourſelf—and either get the defects of your own ſupplied,—or be accommodated with new ones ready proved to your hands, ſealed, and certified to be ſo, by the Pope's commiſſary and the notaries of his eccleſiaſtic court. There needs little more to lay open this fatal error,—than barely to repreſent it. So I ſhall only add a ſhort remark,—that they who are perſuaded to be thus virtuous by proxy, and will prove the goodneſs of their works only by deputies,—will have no reaſon to complain againſt GOD'S juſtice,—if he ſuffers them to go to heaven, only in the ſame manner,—that is,—by deputies too.

The laſt miſtake which I ſhall have time to mention, is that which the methodiſts have revived, for 'tis no new error—but one which has miſled thouſands before theſe days whenever enthuſiaſm had got footing,———and that is,———the attempting to prove their works, by that very argument which is the greateſt proof of their weakneſs and ſuperſtition;—I mean that extraordinary impulſe and intercourſe with the Spirit of God which they pretend to, and whoſe operations (if you truſt them) are ſo ſenſibly felt in their hearts and ſouls, as to render at once all other proofs of their works needleſs to themſelves.—This, I own, is one of the moſt ſummary ways of proceeding in this duty of ſelf-examination; and, as it proves a man's works in the groſs, it ſaves him a world of ſober thought and inquiry after many vexatious particulars.

Indeed, if the premiſes were true,———the inference is direct. For when a man dreams of theſe inward workings—and wakes with the impreſſion of them ſtrong upon

his brain; 'tis not strange, he should think himself a chosen vessel,——sanctified within and sealed up unto the perfect day of redemption; and so long as such a one is led captive by this error,—there is nothing in nature to induce him to this duty of examining his own works in the sense of the prophet:——for however bad they are,——so long as his credulity and enthusiasm equal them, 'tis impossible they should disturb his conscience or frighten him into a reformation. These are some of the unhappy mistakes in the many methods this work is set about,—which in a great measure rob us of the fruits we expected——and sometimes so entirely blast them, that we are neither the better or wiser for all the pains we have taken.

There are many other false steps, which lead us the same way,——but the delineation of these, however, may serve at present, not only as so many land-marks to guard us from this dangerous coast which I have described, but to direct us likewise into that safe one, where we can only expect the reward the gospel promises. For, if according to the first recited causes, a man fails in examining his works, from a disinclination to reform them,—from partiality of comparisons,—from flattery to his own motives, and a vain dependence upon the opinion of the world,——the conclusion is unavoidable,——that he must search for the qualities the most opposite to these for his conductors.—— And if he hopes to discharge this work so as to have advantage from it,——that he must set out upon the principles of an honest head, willing to reform itself, and attached principally to that object, without regard to the spiritual condition of others, or the misguided opinions which the world may have of himself.

That for this end,——he must call his own ways to remembrance, and search out his spirit,——search his actions with the same critical exactness and same piercing curiosity, we are wont to sit in judgment upon others; ——varnishing nothing——and disguising nothing. If he proceeds thus, and in every relation of life takes a full view of himself without prejudice,——traces his actions to their principles without mercy, and looks into the dark corners and recesses of his heart without fear; ——and if upon such an enquiry——he acts consistent with his view in it, by reforming his errors, separating the dross and purifying the whole mass with repentance; ——this will bid fair for examining a man's works in the apostle's sense:—and whoever discharges the duty thus —with a view to scripture, which is the rule in this case —and to reason, which is the applier of this rule in all cases——need not fear but he will have what the prophet calls *rejoicing in himself*, and that he will lay the foundation of his peace and comfort where it ought to lie—— that is, within himself—in the testimony of a good conscience, and the joyful expectation that having done his utmost to examine his *own* works here, that GOD will accept them hereafter through the merits of Christ, which GOD grant, Amen.

SERMON XV.

JOB'S EXPOSTULATION WITH HIS WIFE.

JOB ii. 10.

What!——shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil also?

THESE are the words of Job uttered in the depth of his misfortunes, by way of reproof to his wife, for the counsel we find she had given him in the foregoing verse; namely, not to retain his integrity any longer,—— but to *curse* GOD *and die.* Though it is not very evident, what was particularly meant and implied in the words ——"Curse GOD and die,"——yet it is certain, from Job's reply to them, that they directed him to some step, which was rash and unwarrantable, and probably, as it is generally explained, meant that he should openly call GOD's justice to an account, and by a blasphemous accusation of it, provoke GOD to destroy his being: as if she had said,—"After so many sad things which have befallen thee, notwithstanding thy integrity, what gainest thou by serving GOD, seeing he bears thus hard upon thee, as though thou wast his enemy?— —ought so faithful a servant as thou hast been, to receive so much unkind treatment at his hands;—— and tamely to submit to it? ——patiently to sustain the evils he has brought upon thy house, and neither murmur with thy lips, nor charge him with injustice?—bear it not thus;—and as thy piety could not at first protect thee from such misfortunes, ——nor thy behavior under them could since move GOD to take pity on thee;—change thy conduct towards him,—boldly expostulate with him—unbraid him open-

ly with unkindness,—call his justice and providence to an account for oppressing thee in so undeserved a manner, and get that benefit by provoking him, which thou hast not been able to obtain by serving him:—to die at once by his hands, and be freed, at least, from the greater misery of a lingering, and a more tormenting death."

On the other hand, some interpreters tell us,—that the word *curse*, in the original, is equivocal, and does more literally signify here to bless than to blaspheme; and consequently that the whole is rather to be considered as a sarcastical scoff at Job's piety.—As if it had been said; —"Go to,——bless GOD,—and die;—since thou art so ready to praise him in troubles as thou hast done, go on in thy own way, and see how GOD will reward thee, by a miserable death which thou canst not avoid."

Without disputing the merit of these two interpretations, it may not seem an improbable conjecture, that the words imply something still different from what is expressed in either of them,——and instead of supposing them as an incitement to blaspheme GOD,——which was madness,——or that they were intended as an insult, which was unnatural;—that her advice to curse GOD and die, was meant here, that he should resolve upon a voluntary death himself, which was an act not only in his own power, but what carried some appearance of a remedy with it, and promised, at least at first sight, some respite from pain, as it would put an end, both to his life and his misfortunes together.

One may suppose that with all the concern and affection which was natural, she beheld her lord afflicted both

with poverty and sickness;——by one sudden blow brought down from his palace to the dunghill.——In one mournful day, she saw, that not only the fortunes of his house were blasted, but likewise the hopes of his posterity cut off for ever by the untimely loss of his children. ——She knew he was a virtuous and an upright man, and deserved a better fate;——her heart bled the more for him,—she saw the prospect before him was dreadful,—that there appeared no possible means, which could retrieve the sad situation of his affairs,—that death, the last——the surest friend to the unfortunate, could only set him free;—and that it was better to resolve upon that at once, than vainly endeavour to wade through such a sea of troubles, which in the end would overwhelm him.—We may suppose her spirits sinking under those apprehensions, when she began to look upon his constancy as a fruitless virtue, and, from that persuasion, to have said unto him,—Curse GOD,——depend no longer upon him, nor wait the issues of his providence which has already forsaken thee;——as there is no help from that quarter,—resolve to extricate thyself—and since thou hast met with no justice in this world,—leave it,—die—and force thy passage into a better country, where misfortunes cannot follow thee.

Whether this paraphrase upon the words is just, or the former interpretations be admitted,—the reply in the text is equally proper;—What!—shall we receive good at the hands of GOD, and shall we not receive evil also? Are not both alike the dispensations of an all-wise and good being, who knows and determines what *is best?* and wherefore should I make myself the judge, to receive the one, and yet be so partial as to reject the other, when by

fairly putting both into the scale, I may be convinced how much the good outweighs the evil in all cases? in my own, consider how ſtrong this argument is againſt me.

In the beginning of my days, how did GOD crown me with honor? In how remarkable a manner did his providence ſet a hedge about me, and about all that I had on every ſide?—how he proſpered the works of my hands, ſo that our ſubſtance and happiness increaſed every day?

And now, when for reaſons beſt known to his infinite wiſdom, he has thought fit to try me with afflictions,—ſhall I rebel againſt him in ſinning with my lips, and charging him foolishly?—GOD forbid.——O rather may I look up towards that hand which has bruiſed me,—for he maketh ſore, and he bindeth up,—he woundeth, and his hands make whole; from his bounty only has iſſued all I had, from his wiſdom,—all I have loſt; for he giveth and he hath taken away,—bleſſed be his name.

There are few inſtances of particular virtue more engaging than thoſe of this heroic caſt; and if we may take the teſtimony of a heathen philoſopher upon it, there is not an object in this world which GOD can be ſuppoſed to look down upon with greater pleaſure, than that of a good man involved in misfortunes, ſurrounded on all ſides with difficulties,—yet chearfully bearing up his head, and ſtruggling againſt them with firmneſs and conſtancy of mind.—Certainly to our conceptions ſuch objects muſt be truly engaging,—and the reaſon of ſo exulted an encomium from this hand, is easily to be gueſſed: no doubt, the wiſeſt of the heathen philoſophers had found, from obſervation upon the life of man, that the

many troubles and infirmities of his nature, the sicknesses, disappointments, sorrows for the loss of children or property, with the numberless other calamities and cross accidents, to which the life of man is subject, were in themselves so *great*,——and so *little* solid comfort to be administered from the mere refinements of philosophy in such emergencies, that there was no virtue which required greater efforts, or which was found so difficult to be atchieved upon moral principles; upon moral principles—which had no foundation to sustain this great weight, which the infirmities of our nature laid upon it. And for this reason 'tis observable that there is no subject, upon which the moral writers of antiquity have exhausted so much of their eloquence, or where they have spent such time and pains, as in this, of endeavoring to reconcile men to these evils. Insomuch, that from thence in most modern languages, the patient enduring of affliction has by degrees obtained the name of philosophy, and almost monopolized the word to itself, as if it was the chief end or compendium of all the wisdom which philosophy had to offer. And, indeed, considering what lights they had, some of them wrote extremely well; yet, as what they said proceeded more from the head than the heart, 'twas generally more calculated to silence a man in his troubles, than to convince, and teach him how to bear them. And therefore however subtle and ingenious their arguments might appear in the reading, 'tis to be feared they lost much of their efficacy, when tried in the application. If a man was thrust back in the world by disappointments, or——as was Job's case——had suffered a sudden change in his fortunes, from an affluent condition was brought down by a train of cruel accidents, and pinched with poverty,—philosophy would come in, and

exhort him to ſtand his ground;——it would tell him that the ſame greatneſs and ſtrength of mind, which enabled him to behave well in the days of his proſperity, ſhould equally enable him to behave well in the days of his adverſity;—that it was the property of only weak and baſe ſpirits, who were inſolent in the one, to be dejected and overthrown by the other; whereas great and generous ſouls were at all times calm and equal.—As they enjoyed the advantages of life with indifference,——they were able to reſign them with the ſame temper,—and conſequently——were out of the reach of fortune. All which, however fine, and likely to ſatisfy the fancy of a man at eaſe, could convey but little conſolation to a heart already pierced with ſorrow,—nor is it to be conceived how an unfortunate creature ſhould any more receive relief from ſuch a lecture, however juſt, than a man racked with an acute fit of the gout or ſtone, could be ſuppoſed to be ſet free from torture, by hearing from his phyſician a nice diſſertation upon his caſe. The philoſophic conſolations in ſickneſs, or in afflictions for the death of friends and kindred, were juſt as efficacious,—and were rather in general to be conſidered as good ſayings than good remedies.——So that, if a man was bereaved of a promiſing child, in whom all his hopes and expectations centered—or a wife was left deſtitute to mourn the loſs and protection of a kind and tender huſband, Seneca or Epictetus would tell the penſive parent and diſconſolate widow, ——that tears and lamentations for the dead were fruitleſs and abſurd;—that to die, was the neceſſary and unavoidable debt of nature;—and as it could admit of no remedy——'twas impious and fooliſh to grieve and fret themſelves upon it. Upon ſuch ſage counſel, as well as many other leſſons of the ſame ſtamp, the ſame reflection

might be applied, which is said to have been made by one of the Roman emperors, to one who administered the same consolations to him on a like occasion—to whom advising him to be comforted, and make himself easy, since the event had been brought about by a fatality, and could not be helped,——he replied,——"That this was so far from lessening his trouble——that it was the very circumstance which occasioned it." So that upon the whole——when the true value of these, and many more of their current arguments have been weighed and brought to the test—one is led to doubt, whether the greatest part of their heroes, the most renowned for constancy, were not much more indebted to good nerves and spirits, or the natural happy frame of their tempers, for behaving well, than to any extraordinary helps, which they could be supposed to receive from their instructors. And therefore I should make no scruple to assert, that one such instance of patience and resignation as this, which the scripture gives us in the person of Job, not of one most pompously declaiming upon the contempt of pain and poverty, but of a man sunk in the lowest condition of humanity, to behold him when stripped of his estate,—his wealth, his friends, his children,——chearfully holding up his head, and entertaining his hard fortune with firmness and serenity,——and this, not from a stoical stupidity, but a just sense of GOD'S providence, and a persuasion of his justice and goodness in all his dealings. ——Such an example, I say, as this, is of more universal use, speaks truer to the heart, than all the heroic precepts, which the pedantry of philosophy has to offer.

This leads me to the point I aim at in this discourse; ——namely, that there are no principles but those of re-

ligion to be depended on in cases of real ſtress, and that these are able to encounter the worſt emergencies; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Consider then what virtue the very firſt principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end. That there is a GOD, a powerful, a wise and good being, who firſt made the world and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greateſt and beſt ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,——"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good,—without his direction I know that no evil can befall me,—without his permission that no power can hurt me,—it is impossible a being so wise should miſtake my happiness——or that a being so good should contradict it. If he has denied me riches or other advantages,—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.——If he has denied me the requeſt of children,—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I say— whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days.—It does so, to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankless child has brought down the parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions

of his care and concern to disintangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another,—a better world beyond this!"—— This thought opens a new scene of hope and consolation to the unfortunate;—and, as the persuasion of a providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,——this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life as they are—not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison——and he who looks no further than this world, and ballances the accounts of his joys, and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the patriarch did to Pharaoh,—"That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage." But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and stedfastly behold the life and immortality of a future state,——he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever and ever;——like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home,——he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulating of our spirit under the evils of life,——but, like great cordials,——they are seldom used but on great occurrences.—In the lesser evils of life we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and untoward acci-

dents we meet with.———These ſtand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body———which we think not worth treating seriously—and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,———and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits of the temper,—such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are ſtill to consider—that however such good frames of mind are got—they are worth preserving by all rules;—patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it, the beſt condition in life cannot make us happy,———and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worſt.—Give me leave, therefore, to close this discourse with some reflections upon the subject of a contented mind—and the duty in man of regulating his spirit, in our way through life;———a subject in every body's mouth———preached upon daily to our friends and kindred—but too oft in such a ſtyle, as to convince the party lectured, only of this truth;—that we bear the misfortunes of others with excellent tranquility.

I believe there are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it muſt consiſt in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are inſtances of some, who seem to pass through the world, as if all their paths had been ſtrewed with rose buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation

to go upon.——We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilſt we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever ſtate we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment, is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.—God knows, we are perpetually ſtraying out of it, and by giving wings to our imaginations in the transports we dream of, from such or such a situation in life, we are carried away alternately into all the extremes of hot and cold, for which as we are neither fitted by nature, or prepared by expectation, we feel them with all their violence, and with all their danger too.

God, for wise reasons, has made our affairs in this world, almoſt as fickle and capricious as ourselves.—Pain and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other; and he that knows how to accommodate himself to their periodical returns, and can wisely extract the good from the evil,—knows only how to live;—this is true contentment, at leaſt all that is to be had of it in this world and for this every man muſt be indebted not to his fortune but to himself.—And, indeed, it would have been ſtrange, if a duty so becoming us as independent creatures—and so necessary besides to all our well beings, had been placed out of the reach of any in some measure to put in practice——and for this reason, there is scarce

any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops——some good circumstances, which if wisely extracted are sufficient for the purpose he wants them,—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned. May GOD bless us all with this spirit, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

SERMONS BY LAURENCE STERNE

A.M. Prebendary of York, and Vicar
of Sutton on the Forest, and of
Stillington near York

VOL. III.

SERMON I.

THE CHARACTER OF SHIMEI.

2 SAMUEL xix. 21. 1st Part.

But Abishai said, Shall not Shimei be put to death for this?——

——IT has not a good aspect——This is the second time *Abishai* has proposed *Shimei*'s destruction; once in the 16th chapter, on a sudden transport of indignation, when *Shimei* cursed David,—"*Why should this dead dog, cried Abishai, curse my lord the king? let me go over, I pray thee, and cut off his head.*"——This had something at least of gallantry in it; for in doing it, he hazarded his own; and besides the offender was not otherwise to be come at: the second time, is in the text; when the offender was absolutely in their power——when the blood was cool; and the suppliant was holding up his hands for mercy.

—Shall not Shimei, answered Abishai, be put to death for this? So unrelenting a pursuit looks less like justice than revenge, which is so cowardly a passion, that it renders Abishai's first instance almost inconsistent with the second. I shall not endeavour to reconcile them; but confine the discourse simply to Shimei; and make such reflections upon his character as may be of use to society.

Upon the news of his son Absalom's conspiracy, David had fled from Jerusalem, and from his own house for safety: the representation given of the manner of it, is truly affecting:——never was a scene of sorrow so full of distress!

The king fled with all his houshold to save himself from the sword of the man he loved: he fled with all the marks of humble sorrow—"*with his head cover'd and barefoot;*" and as he went by the ascent of mount Olivet, the sacred hiſtorian says he wept—some gladsome scenes, perhaps, which there had pass'd———some hours of feſtivity he had shared with Absalom in better days, pressed tenderly upon nature,———he wept at this sad viciſſitude of things:—and all the people that were with him, smitten with his affliction, *cover'd each* man *his head —weeping as he went* up.

It was on this occasion, when David had got to Bahurim, that Shimei the son of Gera, as we read in the 5th verse, came out:—was it with the choiceſt oils he could gather from mount Olivet, to pour into his wounds?—Time and troubles had not done enough; and thou cameſt out, Shimei, to add thy portion———

"*And* as *he came, he cursed David, and threw ſtones and caſt duſt at him; and thus said Shimei, when he cursed: Go to thou man of Belial—thou haſt sought blood,—and behold thou* art *caught in thy own miſchief;* for now hath the *Lord returned* upon thee all the blood *of Saul and his house.*

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill will: a word —a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

This seemed to have been Shimei's hope: but excess of

malice makes men too quicksighted even for their own purpose. Could Shimei possibly have waited for the ebb of David's passions, and till the first great conflict within him had been over—then the reproach of being guilty of Saul's blood must have hurt him—his heart was possessed with other feelings—it bled for the deadly sting which Absalom had given him—he felt not the indignity of a stranger—*Behold, my son Absalom, who came out of my bowels, seeketh my life—how much more may Shimei do it? —let him alone; it may be the Lord may look upon my affliction, and requite me good for this evil.*"

An injury unanswered in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions capable of no restraint but fear ——it has a different effect——the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.—He pursues him with the same invective; *and as David and his men went by the way, Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him; and cursed as he went, and cast dust at him.*

The insolence of base minds in success is boundless; and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they themselves furnish us with one in the degrees of their abjection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary; in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.——Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine — dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and

unto duſt they will return——whilſt firmer and larger bodies preserve the ſtations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no change of weather can alter.

This laſt, did not seem to be Shimei's case; in all David's prosperity, there is no mention made of him—he thruſt himself forward into the circle, and possibly was number'd amongſt friends and well-wishers.

When the scene changes, and David's troubles force him to leave his house in despair—Shimei is the firſt man we hear of, who comes out againſt him.

The wheel turns round once more; Absalom is caſt down and David returns in peace—Shimei suits his behaviour to the occasion, and is the firſt man also who haſtes to greet him——and had the wheel turn'd round a hundred times, Shimei, I dare say, in every period of its rotation, would have been uppermoſt.

O Shimei! would to heaven when thou waſt slain, that all thy family had been slain with thee; and not one of thy resemblance left! but ye have multiplied exceedingly and replenished the earth; and if I prophecy rightly——Ye will in the end *subdue* it.

There is not a character in the world which has so bad an influence upon the affairs of it, as this of Shimei: whilſt power meets with honeſt checks, and the evils of life with honeſt refuge, the world will never be undone: but thou, Shimei, haſt sapp'd it at both extremes; for thou corrupteſt prosperity—and 'tis thou who haſt broken the heart of poverty: and so long as worthless spirits can be

ambitious ones, 'tis a character we shall never want. O! it infests the court——the camp—the cabinet—it infests the church—go where you will——in every quarter, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay.—

—Haste, Shimei!—haste; or thou wilt be undone for ever!——Shimei girdeth up his loins and speedeth after him—behold the hand which governs every thing,——takes the wheels from off his chariot, so that he who driveth, driveth on heavily—Shimei doubles his speed—but 'tis the contrary way; he flies like the wind o'er a sandy desart, and the place thereof shall know it no more——stay, Shimei! 'tis your patron——your friend——your benefactor;—'tis the man who has raised you from the dunghill——'tis all one to Shimei: Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance, that the simile will admit of. ——Is a cloud upon thy affairs?—see—it hangs over Shimei's brow——hast *thou been* spoken for to the king or the captain of the host without success?——look not into the court-kalendar——the vacancy is fill'd up in Shimei's face—art thou in debt?——tho' not to Shimei ——no matter——the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent.

What then, Shimei, is the guilt of poverty so black—is it of so general a concern, that thou and all thy family must rise up as one man to reproach it?——when it lost every thing—did it lose the right to pity too? or did he who maketh poor as well as maketh rich strip it of its natural powers to mollify the hearts and supple the tempers

of your race?—Truſt me, ye have much to answer for; it is this treatment which it has ever met with from spirits like yours, which has gradually taught the world to look upon it as the greateſt of evils, and ſhun it as the worſt disgrace———and what is it, I beseech you———what is it that man will not do, to keep clear of so sore an imputation and punishment?—is it not, to fly from this, that *he rises early—late takes reſt; and eats the bread of carefulness?* ———that he plots, contrives—swears—lies—shuffles—puts on all shapes—tries all garments,———wears them, with this, or that side outward—juſt as it favours his escape.

They who have considered our nature affirm that shame and disgrace are two of the moſt insupportable evils of human life: the courage and spirits of many have maſter'd other misfortunes and borne themselves up againſt them; but the wiseſt and beſt of souls have not been a match for these; and we have many a tragical inſtance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man; all it's hunger, and pain and nakedness, are nothing to it— they have some counterpoise of good; and besides they are directed by providence, and muſt be submitted to: but those are afflictions not from the hand of GOD, or nature—*for they do come forth of the* DUST, and moſt properly may be said *to spring out of the* GROUND, and this is the reason they lay such ſtress upon our patience,—and in the end, create such a diſtruſt of the world, as makes us look up—and pray, *Let*

me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.

Agreeable to this was the advice of Eliphas to Job in the day of his distress;——*acquaint thyself*, said he, NOW *with God:*—indeed his poverty seem'd to have left him no other friends: the swords of the Sabeans had frightened them away——all but a few; and of what kind they were, the very proverb, of *Job's comforters*——says enough.

It is an instance which gives one great concern for human nature, "That a man, *who always wept* for him who was in *trouble;*——*who never saw any perish for want of cloathing;—who never suffered the stranger to lodge in the street, but opened his door to the traveller;*——*that a man* of so good a character,—"*that he never caused the eyes of the widow to fail,—or had eaten his morsel by himself alone, and the fatherless had not eaten thereof;*"—that such a man, the moment he fell into poverty, should have occasion to cry out for quarter,—*Have mercy upon me, O my friends! for the hand of God has touched me.*——Gentleness and humanity (one would think) would melt the hardest heart, and charm the fiercest spirit; bind up the most violent hand, and still the most abusive tongue:—but the experiment failed in a stronger instance of him, whose meat and drink it was to do us good; and in pursuit of which, whose whole life was a continued scene of kindness and of insults, for which we must go back to the same explanation with which we set out,—and that is, the scandal of poverty.———

"*This fellow, we know not whence he is*"——was the

popular cry of one part; and with those who seemed to know better, the quere, did not lessen the disgrace:—Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?—of Mary!—great GOD of Israel! What!—of the meaneſt of thy people! (*for he had not regarded the low eſtate of* his handmaiden)—and of the pooreſt too! (for she had not a lamb to offer, but was purified as Moses directed in such a case, by the oblation of a turtle dove.)——

That the SAVIOUR of their nation could be poor, and not have where to lay his head,——was a crime never to be forgiven: and tho' the purity of his doctrine, and the works which he had done in its support, were ſtronger arguments on its side, than his humiliation could be againſt it,——yet the offence ſtill remained;—they looked for the redemption of Israel; but they would have it only in those dreams of power which filled their imagination.——

Ye who weigh the worth of all things only in the goldsmith's balance!—was this religion for you?—a religion whose appearance was not great and splendid,—but looked thin and meagre, and whose principles and promises shewed more like the curses of the law, than its blessings:——for they called for sufferings and promised little but persecutions.

In truth it is not easy for tribulation or diſtress, for nakedness or famine, to make many converts out of pride; or reconcile a worldly heart to the scorn and reproaches, which were sure to be the portion of every one who believed a myſtery so discredited by the world, and so unpalatable to all its passions and pleasures.

But to bring this sermon to its proper conclusion.

If Astrea or Justice never finally took her leave of the world, till the day that poverty first became ridiculous, it is matter of consolation, that the GOD of Justice is ever over us;—that whatever outrages the lowness of our condition may be exposed to, from a mean and undiscerning world,——that we walk in the presence of the greatest and most generous of Beings, who is infinitely removed from cruelty and straitness of mind, and all those little and illiberal passions, with which we hourly insult each other.

The worst part of mankind are not always to be conquered—but if they are——'tis by the imitation of these qualities which must do it:—'tis true—as I've shewn ——they may fail; but still all is not lost,——for if we conquer not the world,——in the very attempts to do it, we shall at least conquer ourselves, and lay the foundation of our peace (where it ought to be) within our own hearts.

SERMON II.

THE CASE OF HEZEKIAH AND THE MESSENGERS.

Preached before his Excellency the Earl of HERTFORD. At Paris, 1763.

2 KINGS xx. 15.

And he said, What have they seen in thine house? and Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in my house have they seen; there is nothing amongſt all my treasures that I have not shewn them.

—— AND where was the harm, you'll say, in all this?

An eaſtern prince, the son of Baladine, had sent messengers with presents as far as from Babylon, to congratulate Hezekiah upon the recovery from his sickness; and Hezekiah, who was a good prince, acted consiſtently with himself: *he received and entertained the men and hearkened unto them*, and before he sent them away, he courteously shewed them all that was worth a ſtranger's curiosity in his house and his kingdom,——and in this, seemed only to have discharged himself of what urbanity or the *etiquette* of courts might require. Notwithſtanding this, in the verse which immediately follows the text, we find he had done amiss; and as a punishment for it, that all his riches, which his forefathers had laid up in ſtore unto that day, were threatened to be carried away in triumph to Babylon,——the very place from whence the messengers had come.

A hard return! and what his behaviour does not seem

to have deserved. To set this matter in a clear light, it will be necessary to enlarge upon the whole story,——the reflections which will arise out of it, as we go along, may help us——at least, I hope they will be of use on their own account.

After the miraculous defeat of the Assyrians, we read in the beginning of this chapter, that Hezekiah was sick even unto death; and that GOD sends the prophet Isaiah, with the unwelcome message, *That he should set his house in order, for that he should die, and not live.*

There are many instances of men, who have received such news with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances,—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural chearfulness of their temper,—or that, they knew the world,—and cared not for it,—or expected a better——yet thousands of good men with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death have still lean'd towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.

This in some measure seemed to have been Hezekiah's case; for tho' he had walked before GOD in truth, and with a perfect heart, and had done that which was good in his sight,——yet we find that the hasty summons afflicted him greatly;——that upon the delivery of the message he wept sore;——that he turned his face towards the wall,——perhaps for the greater secrecy of his devotion, and that, by withdrawing himself thus from

all external objects, he might offer up his prayer unto his GOD, with greater and more fervent attention.

——And he pray'd, and said, O LORD! I beseech thee remember——O Hezekiah! How couldst thou fear that GOD had forgotten thee? or, How couldst thou doubt of his remembrance of thy integrity, when he called thee to receive it's recompence?

But here it appears of what materials man is made: he pursues happiness——and yet is so content with misery, that he would wander for ever in this dark vale of it,—— and say, "*It is good Lord! to be here, and to build tabernacles of rest:*" and so long as we are cloathed with flesh, and nature has so great a share within us, it is no wonder if that part claims it's right, and pleads for the sweetness of life, notwithstanding all it's care and disappointments.

This natural weakness, no doubt, had its weight in Hezekiah's earnest prayer for life: and yet from the success it met with, and the immediate change of GOD's purpose thereupon, it is hard to imagine, but that it must have been accompanied with some meritorious and more generous motive: and if we suppose, as some have done, that he turned his face towards the wall, because that part of his chamber looked towards the temple, the care of whose preservation lay next his heart, we may consistently enough give this sense to his prayer.

"O God! remember how I have walked before thee in truth;——how much I have done to rescue thy religion from error and falshood;——thou knowest that the eyes of the world are fixed upon me, as one that hath forsaken

their idolatry, and restored thy worship;—that I stand in the midst of a crooked and corrupt generation, which looks thro' all my actions, and watches all events which happen to me: if now they shall see me snatched away in the midst of my days and service, How will thy great name suffer in my extinction? Will not the heathen say, This it is, to serve the GOD of Israel!——How faithfully did Hezekiah walk before him?—What enemies did he bring upon himself, in too warmly promoting his worship? and now when the hour of sickness and distress came upon him, and he most wanted the aid of his GOD: —behold how he was forsaken!"

It is not unreasonable, to ascribe some such pious and more disinterested motive to Hezekiah's desire of life, from the issue and success of his prayer:——*for it came to pass before Isaiah had gone out into the middle court, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn again and tell Hezekiah I have heard his prayer, I have seen his tears; and behold I will heal him.*

It was upon this occasion, as we read in the 12th verse of this chapter, that Baradock-baladan, son of Baladine king of Babylon, sent letters and a present unto Hezekiah: he had heard the fame of his sickness and recovery; for as the Chaldeans were great searchers into the secrets of nature, especially into the motions of the celestial bodies, in all probability they had taken notice at that distance, of the strange appearance of the shadow's returning ten degrees backwards upon their dials, and had enquired and learned upon what account, and in whose favour such a sign was given; so that this astronomical miracle, besides the political motive which it would sug-

geſt of courting such a favourite of heaven, had been sufficient by itself to have led a curious people as far as Jerusalem, that they might see the man for whose sake the sun had forsook his course.

And here we see how hard it is to ſtand the shock of prosperity,——and how much truer a proof we give of our ſtrength in that extreme of life, than in the other.

In all the trials of adversity, we find that Hezekiah behaved well,——nothing unman'd him: when besieged by the Assyrian hoſt, which shut him up in Jerusalem, and threaten'd his deſtruction,—he ſtood unshaken and depended upon GOD's succour.——When caſt down upon his bed of sickness, and threaten'd with death, he meekly turn'd his face towards the wall,——wept and pray'd, and depended upon GOD's mercy:—but no sooner does prosperity return upon him, and the messengers from a far country come to pay the flattering homage due to his greatness, and the extraordinary felicity of his life, but he turns giddy, and sinks under the weight of his good fortune, and with a transport unbecoming a wise man upon it,—'tis said, he hearken'd unto the men, and shew'd them all the house of his precious things, the silver and the gold, the spices and the precious ointments, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures; that there was nothing in his house, nor in his dominions, that Hezekiah shew'd them not: for tho' it is not expressly said here, (tho' it is in the parallel passage in Chronicles)—nor is he charged by the prophet that, he did this out of vanity and a weak transport of oſtentation;——yet as we are sure, GOD could not be offended but where there was a real crime, we might rea-

sonably conclude that this was his, and that he who searches into the heart of man, beheld that his was corrupted with the blessings he had given him; and that it was just to make what was the occasion of his pride, become the instrument of his punishment, by decreeing, that all the riches he had laid up in store until that day, should be carried away in triumph to Babylon, the very place from whence the messengers had come who had been eye-witnesses of his folly.

"O Hezekiah! How couldst thou provoke GOD to bring this judgment upon thee? How could thy spirit, all-meek and gentle as it was, have ever fallen into this snare? Were thy treasures rich as the earth—What! was thy heart so vain as to be lifted up therewith? Was not all that was valuable in the world—nay, was not heaven itself almost at thy command whilst thou wast humble? and, How was it, that thou couldst barter away all this, for what was lighter than a bubble, and desecrate an action so full of courtesy and kindness as thine appeared to be, by suffering it to take it's rise from so polluted a fountain?"

There is scarce any thing which the heart more unwillingly bears, than an analysis of this kind.

We are a strange compound; and something foreign from what charity would suspect, so eternally twists itself into what we do, that not only in momentous concerns, where interest lists under it all the powers of disguise,—but even in the most indifferent of our actions,—not worth a fallacy———by force of habit, we continue it: so that whatever a man is about,———observe him,———he

ſtands arm'd inside and out with two motives; an oſtensible one for the world,——and another which he reſerves for his own private use;—this, you may say, the world has no concern with: it might have been ſo; but by obtruding the wrong motive upon the world, and ſtealing from it a character, inſtead of winning one;——we give it a right and a temptation along with it, to enquire into the affair.

The motives of the one for doing it, are often little better than the others for deſerving it. Let us see if ſome ſocial virtue may not be extracted from the errors of both the one and the other.

VANITY bids all her ſons to be generous and brave,——and her daughters to be chaſte and courteous.——But why do we want her inſtructions?——Ask the comedian who is taught a part he feels not——

Is it that the principles of religion want ſtrength, or that the real paſſion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?——GOD! thou knoweſt they carry us too high——we want not *to be*—but *to ſeem*—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man: see what diſquieting, intriguing and ſhifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing:——three grains of honeſty would ſave him all this trouble:——alas! he has them not.——

Behold a ſecond, under a ſhew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:——he is juſt entering the houſe of GOD:——would he was more pure—or leſs pious:—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going on almoſt in the same track, ———with what an inflexible ſanctity of deportment, he ſuſtains himself as he advances:—every line in his face writes abſtinence;———every ſtride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at leaſt—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Muſt the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of it's rending?—Yes truly, or it will not hide the secret———and, What is that?

———That the saint has no religion at all.

———But here comes Generosity; giving——— not to a decayed artiſt—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophet;* but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord! how they will magnify his name! ———'tis in capitals already; the firſt—the higheſt, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum———

———One honeſt tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all that anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts and conduct?—What a noise amongſt the claimants about it? Behold *Humility*, out of mere pride, ———and honeſty almoſt out of knavery:———*Chaſtity*,

never once in harm's way,——and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

——Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,——let not my soldier run,——'tis some good Christian giving alms. O, PITY, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in these cases: imposture is all dissonance, let what master so ever of it, undertake the part; let him harmonize and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it: 'tis truth only which is consistent and ever in harmony with itself: it sits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no;—— it racks no invention to let ourselves alone,—and needs fear no critick, to have the same excellency in the heart which appears in the action.

It is a pleasing allusion the scripture makes use of in calling us sometimes a house, and sometimes a temple, according to the more or less exalted qualities of the spiritual guest which is lodged within us: whether this is the precise ground of the distinction, I will not affirm; but thus much may be said, that, if we are to be temples, 'tis truth and singleness of heart which must make the dedication: 'tis this which must first distinguish them from the unhallowed pile, where dirty tricks and impositions are practised by the host upon the traveller, who tarries but for a moment and returns not again.

We all take notice, how close and reserved people are; but we do not take notice at the same time, that every one may have something to conceal, as well as ourselves; and that we are only marking the distances, and taking the measures of self-defence from each other, in the very instances we complain of: this is so true, that there is scarce any character so rare, as a man of a real open and generous integrity,——who carries his heart in his hand, ——who says the thing he thinks; and does the thing he pretends. Tho' no one can dislike the character,——yet, Discretion generally shakes her head,—and the world soon lets him into the reason.

"*O that I had in the wilderness a lodging of way-faring men! that I might leave such a people and go from them.*" Where is the man of a nice sense of truth and strong feelings, from whom the duplicity of the world, has not at one time or other wrung the same wish; and where lies the wilderness to which some one has not fled, from the same melancholy impulse?

Thus much for those who give occasion to be thought ill of:——let us say a word or two unto those who take it.

But to avoid all common-place cant, as much as I can on this head,——I will forbear to say, because I do not think it,——that 'tis a breach of Christian charity to think or speak evil of our neighbour, &c.

——We cannot avoid it: our opinions must follow the evidence; and we are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but GOD forbid, that this ever should be

done, but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion and the utmost fellow-feeling: were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that look'd seemly,——we should leave but a tatter'd world of it.

But I confine what I have to say to a character less equivocal, and which takes up too much room in the world: it is that of those, who from a general distrust of all that looks disinterested, finding nothing to blame in an action and perhaps much to admire in it,——immediately fall foul upon it's motives: *Does Job serve God for nought?* What a vile insinuation! besides, the question was not, whether Job was a rich man or a poor man;—but, whether he was a man of integrity or no? and the appearances were strong on his side: indeed it might have been otherwise; it was possible Job might be insincere, and the devil took the advantage of the die for it.

It is a bad picture, and done by a terrible master, and yet we are always copying it. Does a man from real conviction of heart forsake his vices?——the position is not to be allowed,——no; his vices have forsaken him.

Does a pure virgin fear GOD and say her prayers: ——she is in her climacterick.

Does humanity cloath and educate the unknown orphan?——Poverty! thou hast no genealogies:——see! is he not the father of the child? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the

motive of the act, you take away, all that is worth having in it;—wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it, with infamy;—undo it all———I beseech you: give him back his honour,———restore the jewel you have taken from him,—replace him in the eye of the world—

———it is too late.

It is painful to utter the reproaches which should come in here.———I will trust them with yourselves: in coming from that quarter, they will more naturally produce such fruits as will not set your teeth on edge———for they will be the fruits of love and good will, to the praise of GOD and the happiness of the world, which I wish.

SERMON III.

THE LEVITE AND HIS CONCUBINE

JUDGES xix. 1, 2, 3.

And it came to pass in those days, when there was no king in Israel, that there was a certain Levite sojourning on the side of mount Ephraim, who took unto him a concubine.

—— A CONCUBINE!—but the text accounts for it, *for in those days there was no king in Israel*, and the Levite, you will say, like every other man in it, did what was right in his own eyes,——and so, you may add, did his concubine too—*for she played the whore againſt him, and went away.*——

——Then shame and grief go with her, and where-ever she seeks a shelter, may the hand of juſtice shut the door againſt her.——

Not so; for she went unto her father's house in Bethlehem-judah, and was with him four whole months.—— Blessed interval for meditation upon the fickleness and vanity of this world and it's pleasures! I see the holy man upon his knees,——with hands compressed to his bosom, and with uplifted eyes, thanking heaven, that the object which had so long shared his affections, was fled.

The text gives a different picture of his situation; *for he arose and went after her to speak friendly to her, and to bring her back again, having his servant with him, and a couple of asses; and she brought him unto her father's house:*

and when the father of the damsel saw him, he rejoiced to meet him.—

——A moſt sentimental group! you'll say: and so it is, my good commentator, the world talks of every thing: give but the outlines of a ſtory,——let *ſpleen* or *prudery* snatch the pencil, and they will finish it with so many hard ſtrokes, and with so dirty a colouring, that *candour* and *courtesy* will sit in torture as they look at it.—Gentle and virtuous spirits! ye who know not what it is to be rigid interpreters, but of your own failings,——to you, I address myself, the unhired advocates for the conduct of the misguided,——whence is it, that the world is not more jealous of your office? How often muſt ye repeat it, "That such a one's doing so or so,"—is not sufficient evidence by itself to overthrow the accused? That our actions ſtand surrounded with a thousand circumſtances which do not present themselves at firſt sight;—that the firſt springs and motives which impell'd the unfortunate lie deeper ſtill;——and, that of the millions which every hour are arraign'd, thousands of them may have err'd merely from the *head*, and been actually outwitted into evil; and even when from the heart,——that the difficulties and temptations under which they acted,——the force of the passions,——the suitableness of the object, and the many ſtruggles of virtue before she fell,—— may be so many appeals from juſtice to the judgment seat of pity.

Here then let us ſtop a moment, and give the ſtory of the Levite and his Concubine a second hearing: like all others much of it depends upon the telling; and as the Scripture has left us no kind of comment upon it, 'tis a

ſtory on which the heart cannot be at a loss for what to say, or the imagination for what to ſuppoſe—the danger is, humanity may ſay too much.

And it came to paſs in thoſe days when there was no king in Iſrael, that a certain Levite ſojourning on the ſide of mount Ephraim, took unto himſelf a Concubine.———

O Abraham, thou father of the faithful! if this was wrong,——Why didſt thou ſet ſo enſnaring an example before the eyes of thy deſcendants? and, Why did the GOD of Abraham, the GOD of Iſaac and Jacob, bleſs ſo often the ſeed of ſuch intercourſes, and promiſe to multiply and make princes come out of them?

GOD can diſpenſe with his own laws; and accordingly we find the holieſt of the patriarchs, and others in Scripture whoſe hearts cleaved moſt unto GOD, accommodating themſelves as well as they could to the diſpenſation: that Abraham had Hagar;—that Jacob, beſides his two wives, Rachael and Leah, took alſo unto him Zilpah and Bilhah, from whom many of the tribes deſcended:—that David had ſeven wives and ten concubines;——Rehoboam, ſixty,—and that, in whatever caſes it became reproachable, it ſeemed not ſo much the thing itſelf, as the abuſe of it, which made it ſo; this was remarkable in that of Solomon, whoſe exceſs became an inſult upon the privileges of mankind; for by the ſame plan of luxury, which made it neceſſary to have forty thouſand ſtalls of horſes,—he had unfortunately miſcalculated his other wants, and ſo had ſeven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines.———

Wiſe——deluded man! was it not that thou madeſt

some amends for thy bad practice, by thy good preaching, what had become of thee?——three hundred——— but let us turn aside, I beseech you, from so sad a ſtumbling block.

The Levite had but one. The Hebrew word imports a woman a concubine, or a wife a concubine, to diſtinguish her from the more infamous species, who came under the roofs of the licentious without principle. Our annotators tell us, that in Jewish *æconomicks*, these differ'd little from the wife, except in some outward ceremonies and ſtipulations, but agreed with her in all the true essences of marriage, and gave themselves up to the husband, (for so he is call'd) with faith plighted, with sentiments and with affection.

Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude, and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation; for notwithſtanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. . . . Yet ſtill, "*it is not good for man to be alone:*" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant ſtuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midſt of the loudeſt vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;——a good heart wants some object to be kind to———and the beſt parts of our blood, and the pureſt of our spirits suffer moſt under the deſtitution.

Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone——GOD speed him! for my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious

——but let me be MAN: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee ——give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down;——to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

Alas! with bitter herbs, like his passover, did the Levite eat them: for as they thus walked the path of life together,——she wantonly turn'd aside into another, and fled from him.

It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it: but in this they have the advantage; whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride ſtands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breaſts of the fierce and froward: we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave; but it is apt to interpose it's ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind: the truth is, it has it's laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without diſtinction, that it requires all the firmness of the moſt settled humanity to bear up againſt it.

Many a bitter conflict would the Levite have to sustain with himself—his Concubine——and the sentiments of his tribe, upon the wrong done him:——much matter for pleading—and many an embarrassing account on all sides: in a period of four whole months, every passion would take it's empire by turns; and in the ebbs and flows

of the less unfriendly ones, PITY would find some moments to be heard——RELIGION herself would not be silent,——CHARITY would have much to say,—and thus attun'd, every object he beheld on the borders of mount Ephraim,——every grot and grove he pass'd by, would sollicit the recollection of former kindness, and awaken an advocate in her behalf, more powerful than them all.

"I grant——I grant it all,"—he would cry,—"'tis foul! 'tis faithless!——but, Why is the door of mercy to be shut forever against it? and, Why is it to be the only sad crime that the injured may not remit, or reason or imagination pass over without a scar?——Is it the blackest? In what catalogue of human offences is it so marked? or, Is it, that of all others, 'tis a blow most grievous to be endured?——the heart cries out, It is so: but let me ask my own, What passions are they which give edge and force to this weapon which has struck me? and, Whether it is not my own pride, as much as my virtues, which at this moment excite the greatest part of that intolerable anguish in the wound which I am laying to her charge? But merciful heaven! was it otherwise, Why is an unhappy creature of thine to be persecuted by me with so much cruel revenge and rancorous despite as my first transport called for? Have faults no extenuations?——Makes it nothing, that, when the trespass was committed, she forsook the partner of her guilt, and fled directly to her father's house? And is there no difference betwixt one propensely going out of the road and continuing there, thro' depravity of will——and a hapless wanderer straying by delusion, and warily treading back her steps?——Sweet is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined

never to commit it more!——Upon that altar only, could I offer up my wrongs. Cruel is the punishment which an ingenuous mind will take upon itself, from the remorse of so hard a trespass against me,——and if that will not balance the account,——just GOD! let me forgive the rest. Mercy well becomes the heart of all thy creatures,——but most of thy servant, a Levite, who offers up so many daily sacrifices to thee, for the transgressions of thy people."———

—"But to little purpose, he would add, have I served at thy altar, where my business was to sue for mercy, had I not learn'd to practise it."

Peace and happiness rest upon the head and heart of every man who can thus think!

So he arose, and went after her to speak friendly to her—in the original—"to speak to her heart;"——to apply to their former endearments,—and to ask, How she could be so unkind to him, and so very unkind to herself?——

——Even the upbraidings of the quiet and relenting are sweet: not like the strivings of the fierce and inexorable, who bite and devour all who have thwarted them in their way;—but they are calm and courteous like the spirit which watches over their character: How could such a temper woo the damsel and not bring her back? or, How could the father of the damsel, in such a scene, have a heart open to any impressions but those mentioned in the text;———*That when he saw him, he rejoiced to meet him;*——urged his stay from day to day, with that most irresistible of all invitations,—"*Comfort thy heart, and tarry all night, and let thine heart be merry.*"

If *Mercy* and *Truth* thus met together in settling this account, *Love* would surely be of the party: great—great is it's power in cementing what has been broken, and wiping out wrongs even from the memory itself: and so it was——for the Levite arose up, and with him his Concubine and his servant, and they departed.

It serves no purpose to pursue the ſtory further; the cataſtrophe is horrid; and would lead us beyond the particular purpoſe for which I have enlarged upon thus much of it,—and that is, to discredit raſh judgment, and illuſtrate from the manner of conducting this drama, the courteſy which the *dramatis perſonæ* of every other piece, may have a right to. Almoſt one half of our time is ſpent in telling and hearing evil of one another—ſome unfortunate knight is always upon this ſtage——and every hour brings forth ſomething ſtrange and terrible to fill up our diſcourſe and our aſtoniſhment, "How people can be ſo foolish!"——and 'tis well if the compliment ends there: ſo that there is not a ſocial virtue for which there is ſo conſtant a demand,—or, conſequently, ſo well worth cultivating, as that which oppoſes this unfriendly current——many and rapid are the ſprings which feed it, and various and ſudden, GOD knows, are the guſts which render it unſafe to us in this ſhort paſſage of our life: let us make the diſcourſe as ſerviceable as we can, by tracing ſome of the moſt remarkable of them, up to their ſource.

And firſt, there is one miſerable inlet to this evil, and which by the way, if ſpeculation is ſuppoſed to precede practice, may have been derived, for aught I know, from ſome of our buſieſt enquirers after nature,—and that is,

when with more zeal than knowledge, we account for phenomena, before we are sure of their existence.—*It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man to death*, (much less to be martyr'd) said Festus;——*and doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doth?* cried Nicodemus; *and he that answereth*, or determineth, *a matter before he has heard it,——it is folly and a shame unto him.*—We are generally in such a haste to make our own decrees, that we pass over the justice of these,——and then the scene is so changed by it, that 'tis our folly only which is real, and that of the accused, which is imaginary: through too much precipitancy it will happen so;—and then the jest is spoiled,—or we have criticised our own shadow.

A second way is, when the process goes on more orderly, and we begin with getting information,——but do it from those suspected evidences, against which our SAVIOUR warns us, when he bids us "*not to judge according to appearance:*"——in truth, 'tis behind these, that most of the things which blind human judgment, lie concealed,——and on the contrary, there are many things which appear to be,——which are not:——*Christ came eating and drinking,—behold a wine-bibber!*——he sat with sinners——he was their friend:——in many cases of which kind, *Truth*, like a modest matron, scorns art—and disdains to press herself forwards into the circle to be seen:——ground sufficient for *Suspicion* to draw up the libel,——for *Malice* to give the torture,—or rash *Judgment* to start up and pass a final sentence.

A third way is, when the facts which denote misconduct, are less disputable, but are commented upon with

an asperity of censure, which a humane or a gracious temper would spare: an abhorrence againſt what is criminal, is ſo fair a plea for this, and looks ſo like virtue in the face, that in a ſermon againſt rash judgment, it would be unſeasonable to call it in queſtion,——and yet, I declare, in the fulleſt torrent of exclamations which the guilty can deſerve, that the ſimple apoſtrophe, "Who made me to differ: why was not I an example?" would touch my heart more, and give me a better earneſt of the commentators,—than the moſt corroſive period you could add. The punishment of the unhappy, I fear, is enough without it——and were it not,——'tis pitious, the tongue of a Chriſtian, whoſe religion is all candour and courtesy, ſhould be made the executioner. We find in the diſcourse between Abraham and the rich man, tho' the one was in heaven, and the other in hell, yet ſtill the patriarch treated him with mild language:—*Son!—Son, remember that thou in thy life time*, &c. &c.—and in the diſpute about the body of Moſes, between the Arch-angel and the devil, (himſelf,) St. Jude tells us, he durſt not bring a railing accuſation againſt him;—'twas unworthy his high character,——and indeed, might have been impolitick too; for if he had, (as one of our divines notes upon the paſſage) the devil had been too hard for him at railing,——'twas his own weapon,——and the baſeſt ſpirits after his example are the moſt expert at it.

This leads me to the obſervation of a fourth cruel inlet to this evil, and that is, the deſire of being thought men of wit and parts, and the vain expectation of coming honeſtly by the title, by ſhrewd and ſarcaſtick reflections upon whatever is done in the world. This is ſetting up trade upon the broken ſtock of other people's failings,—

perhaps their misfortunes:——so much good may't do them with what honour they can get,——the furthest extent of which, I think, is to be praised, as we do some sauces, with tears in our eyes: It is a commerce most illiberal; and as it requires no vast capital, too many embark in it, and so long as there are bad passions to be gratified,—and bad heads to judge, with such it may pass for wit, or at least like some vile relation, whom all the family is ashamed of, claim kindred with it, even in better companies. Whatever be the degree of its affinity, it has helped to give wit a bad name, as if the main essence of it was satire: certainly there is a difference between *Bitterness* and *Saltness*,—that is,——between the malignity and the festivity of wit,——the one is a mere quickness of apprehension, void of humanity,—and is a talent of the devil; the other comes down from the Father of Spirits, so pure and abstracted from persons, that willingly it hurts no man; or if it touches upon an indecorum, 'tis with that dexterity of true genius, which enables him rather to give a new colour to the absurdity, and let it pass. ——He may smile at the shape of the obelisk raised to another's fame,——but the malignant wit will level it at once with the ground, and build his own upon the ruins of it.——

What then, ye rash censurers of the world! Have ye no mansions for your credit, but those from whence ye have extruded the right owners? Are there no regions for you to shine in that ye descend for it, into the low caverns of abuse and crimination? Have ye no seats——but those of the scornful to sit down in? if *Honour* has mistook his road, or the *Virtues* in their excesses have approached too

near the confines of VICE, Are they therefore to be caſt down the precipice? Muſt BEAUTY for ever be trampled upon in the dirt for one——one falſe ſtep? And ſhall no one virtue or good quality, out of the thouſand the fair penitent may have left,——ſhall not one of them be ſuffered to ſtand by her?——Juſt GOD of Heaven and Earth!——

——But thou art merciful, loving and righteous, and lookeſt down with pity upon theſe wrongs thy ſervants do unto each other: pardon us, we beſeech thee, for them and all our tranſgreſſions; let it not be remember'd, that we were brethren of the ſame fleſh, the ſame feelings and infirmities.——O my GOD! write it not down in thy book, that thou madeſt us merciful, after thy own image; ——that thou haſt given us a religion ſo courteous,—— ſo good temper'd,——that every precept of it carries a balm along with it to heal the ſoreneſs of our natures, and ſweeten our ſpirits, that we might live with ſuch kind intercourſe in this world, as will fit us to exiſt together in a better.

SERMON IV.

FELIX'S BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS PAUL EXAMINED.

ACTS xxiv. 26.

He hoped also, that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him.

A NOBLE object to take up the consideration of the Roman governour!

——"*He hoped that money should have been given him!*"——For what end? to enable him to judge betwixt right and wrong!————and, From whence was it to be wrung? from the poor scrip of a disciple of the carpenter's son, who left nothing to his followers but poverty and sufferings.————

And was this Felix!——the great, the noble Felix!——Felix the happy!——the gallant Felix who kept Drusilla!——Could he do this?——base passion! What can'st thou not make us do?

Let us consider the whole transaction.

Paul, in the beginning of this chapter, had been accused before Felix, by Tertullus, of very grievous crimes,——of being a peſtilent fellow,——a mover of seditions, and a profaner of the temple, &c.——To which accusations, the apoſtle having liberty from Felix to reply, he makes his defence from the 10th to the 22d verse, to this purport. He shews him firſt, that the whole charge was

deſtitute of all proof; which he openly challenges them to produce againſt him, if they had it;——that on the contrary, he was ſo far from being the man, Tertullus had repreſented, that the very principles of the religion with which he then ſtood charged,——and which they called heresy, led him to be the moſt unexceptionable in his conduct, by the continual exercise which it demanded of him, of having a conscience void of offence at all times, both towards GOD and man; that conſiſtently with this, his adverſaries had neither found him in the temple diſputing with any man, neither raiſing up the people, neither in the ſynagogue, or in the city,——for this he appeals to themſelves:——that it was but twelve days ſince he came up to Jeruſalem for to worſhip:——that during that time, when he purified in the temple, he did it as became him, without noiſe, without tumult; this he calls upon the Jews who came from Aſia, and were eye-witneſſes of his behaviour, to atteſt;——and, in a word, he urges the whole defence before Felix in ſo ſtrong a manner, and with ſuch plain and natural arguments of his innocence, as to leave no colour for his adverſaries to reply.

There was, however, ſtill one adverſary in this court,——tho' ſilent, yet not ſatisfied——

—Spare thy eloquence, Tertullus! roll up the charge: a more notable orator than thyſelf is riſen up,——'tis AVARICE, and that too, in the moſt fatal place for the priſoner it could have taken poſſeſſion of,——'tis in the heart of the man who judges him.

If Felix believed Paul innocent, and acted accordingly,—(that is) releaſed him without reward,——this ſub-

tile advocate told him he would lose one of the profits of his employment——and if he acknowledged the faith of CHRIST, which Paul occasionally explained in his defence,——it told him, he might lose the employment itself;——so that notwithstanding the character of the apostle appeared (as it was) most spotless; and the faith he professed so very clear, that as he urged it, the heart gave it's consent,—yet, at the same time, the passion rebell'd, and so strong an interest was formed thereby, against the first impressions in favour of the man and his cause, that both were dismissed;——the one to a more convenient hearing, which never came; the other to the hardships of a prison for two whole years,——hoping, as the text informs us, that money should have been given him; and even at the last, when he left the province, willing to do the Jews a pleasure,—that is,—to serve his interest in another shape with all the conviction upon his mind, that he had done nothing worthy of bonds, he, nevertheless, left the holy man bound, and consigned over to the hopeless prospect of ending his days in the same state of confinement, in which he had ungenerously left him.

One would imagine, as covetousness is a vice not naturally cruel in itself, that there must certainly have been a mixture of other motives in the governor's breast, to account for a proceeding so contrary to humanity and his own conviction; and could it be of use to raise conjectures upon it, there seems but too probable grounds for such a supposition. It seems that Drusilla, whose curiosity, upon a double account, had led her to hear Paul,—(for she was a daughter of Abraham——as well as of Eve)——was a character, which might have figured very

well even in our own times: for as Josephus tells us, she had left the Jew her husband, and without any pretence in their law to justify a divorce, had given herself up without ceremony to Felix; for which cause, tho' she is here called his wife, she was in reason and justice the wife of another man,—and consequently lived in an open state of adultery. So that when Paul, in explaining the faith of CHRIST, took occasion to argue upon the morality of the gospel,——and urged the eternal laws of Justice,—the unchangeable obligations to temperance, of which chastity was a branch,——it was scarce possible to frame his discourse so, (had he wished to temporize) but that either her interest or her love must have taken offence: and tho' we do not read, like Felix, that she trembled at the account, 'tis yet natural to imagine she was affected with other passions, of which the apostle might feel the effects——and 'twas well he suffered no more, if two such violent enemies as lust and avarice were combined against him.

But this by the way,——for as the text seems only to acknowledge one of these motives, it is not our business to assign the other.

It is observable, that this same apostle, speaking, in his epistle to Timothy, of the ill effects of this same ruling passion, affirms, that it is the root of all evil; and I make no doubt but the remembrance of his own sufferings, had no small share in the severity of the reflection.——Infinite are the examples, where the love of money is only a subordinate and ministerial passion, exercised for the support of some other vices; and 'tis generally found, when there is either ambition, prodigality or lust, to be

fed by it, that it then rages with the leaſt mercy and diſcretion; in which cases, ſtrictly speaking, it is not the root of other evils,—but other evils are the root of it.

This forces me to recall what I have said upon covetousness, as a vice not naturally cruel: it is not apt to repreſent itself to our imaginations, at firſt sight, under that idea; we consider it only as a mean, worthless turn of mind, incapable of judging or doing what is right: but as it is a vice which does not always set up for itself,—to know truly what it is in this reſpect, we muſt know what maſters it serves;——they are many, and of various caſts and humours,——and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical myſtery in the love of money, than in the darkeſt and moſt nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the beſt, and when the passion seems to seek nothing more than it's own amusement,——there is little——very little, I fear, to be said for it's humanity. ——It may be a sport to the miser,——but consider, ——it muſt be death and deſtruction to others.——The moment this sordid humour begins to govern——farewel all honeſt and natural affections! farewel all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!——how faſt the obligations vanish! see!——he is now ſtripped of all feelings whatever:——the shrill cry of juſtice,——and the low lamentation of humble diſtress, are notes equally beyond his compass.——Eternal GOD! see!—he passes by one whom thou haſt juſt bruised, without one pensive reflec-

tion:——he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,——exacts his bond, without a sigh! Heaven! if I am to be tempted, ——let it be by glory,——by ambition,——by some generous and manly vice:—if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee.

It would be easy here to add the common arguments which reason offers against this vice; but they are so well understood, both in matter and form,——it is needless.

I might cite to you what Seneca says upon it——but the misfortune is, that at the same time he was writing against riches, he was enjoying a great estate, and using every means to make that estate still greater.

With infinite pleasure might a preacher enrich his discourse in this place, by weaving into it all the smart things, which ancient or modern wits have said upon the love of money:—he might inform you,

——"That Poverty wants some things——that covetousness wanteth all."

"That a miser can only be said to have riches, as a sick man has a fever, which holds and tyrannizes over the man, ——not he over it."

"That covetousness is the shirt of the soul,——the last vice it parts with."

"That nature is content with few things,——or that nature is never satisfied at all, &c."

The reflection of our SAVIOUR, *That the life of man consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth*,——speaks more to the heart—and the single hint of the *Camel*, and what a very narrow passage he has to go,——has more coercion in it, than all the see-saws of philosophy.

I shall endeavour therefore to draw such other reflections from this piece of sacred story, as are applicable to human life,——and more likely to be of use.

There is nothing generally in which our happiness and honour are more nearly concerned, than in forming true notions both of men and things; for in proportion as we think rightly of them, we approve ourselves to the world,——and as we govern ourselves by such judgments, so we secure our peace and well-being in passing through it: the false steps and miscarriages in life, issuing from a defect in this capital point, are so many and fatal, that there can be nothing more instructive than an enquiry into the causes of this perversion, which often appears so very gross in us, that were you to take a view of the world,——see what notions it entertains, and by what considerations it is governed,—you would say of the mistakes of human judgment, what the prophet does of the folly of human actions,——"*That we were wise to do evil, but to judge rightly, had no understanding.*"

That in many dark and abstracted questions of mere speculation, we should err——is not strange: we live

amongst mysteries and riddles, and almost every thing which comes in our way, in one light or other, may be said to baffle our understandings,——yet seldom, so as to mistake in extremities, and take one contrary for another;—'tis very rare, for instance, that we take the virtue of a plant to be hot, when it is extremely cold,—or, that we try the experiment of opium to keep us waking:——yet, this we are continually attempting in the conduct of life, as well as in the great ends and measures of it. That such wrong determinations in us, do not arise from any defect of judgment inevitably misleading us,—would reflect dishonour upon GOD; as if he had made and sent men into the world on purpose to play the fool. His all bountiful hand, made his judgment, like his heart, upright; and the instances of his sagacity in other things, abundantly confirm it: we are led therefore in course to a supposition, that in all inconsistent instances, there is a secret bias some how or other, hung upon the mind, which turns it aside from reason and truth.

What this is, if we do not care to search for it in ourselves, we shall find it registered in this transaction of Felix: and we may depend, that in all wrong judgments whatever, in such plain cases as this, that the same explanation must be given of it, which is given in the text,——namely, that it is some selfish consideration——some secret dirty engagement with some little appetite, which does us so much dishonour.

The judgments of the more disinterested and impartial of us, receive no small tincture from our affections: we generally consult them in all doubtful points, and it happens well if the matter in question is not almost set-

tled, before the arbitrator is called into the debate;——but in the more flagrant inſtances, where the passions govern the whole man, 'tis melancholy to see the office to which reason, the great prerogative of his nature, is reduced; serving the lower appetites in the dishoneſt drudgery of finding out arguments to juſtify the present pursuit.

To judge rightly of our own worth, we should retire a little from the world, to see all its pleasures——and pains too, in their proper size and dimensions;——this, no doubt, was the reason St. Paul, when he intended to convert Felix, began his discourse upon the day of judgment, on purpose to take the heart off from this world and its pleasures, which dishonour the underſtanding so as to turn the wiseſt of men into fools and children.

If you enlarge your observations upon this plan, you will find where the evil lies which has supported those desperate opinions, which have so long divided the Christian world,——and are likely to divide it for ever.

Consider popery well; you will be convinced, that the trueſt definition which can be given of it, is,——That it is a pecuniary syſtem, well contrived to operate upon men's passions and weakness, whilſt their pockets are o'picking: run through all the points of difference between us,—and when you see, that in every one of them, they serve the same end which Felix had in view, either of money or power; there is little room left to doubt whence the cloud arises, which is spread over the underſtanding.

If this reasoning is conclusive with regard to those

who merely differ from us in religion,——let us try if it will not hold good with regard to those who have none at all,—or rather, who affect to treat all persuasions of it, with ridicule alike. Thanks to good sense, good manners, and a more enlarged knowledge, this humour is going down, and seems to be settling at present, chiefly amongst the inferior classes of people————where it is likely to rest: as for the lowest ranks, tho' they are apt enough to follow the modes of their betters, yet are not likely to be struck with this one, of making merry with that which is their consolation; they are too serious a set of poor people ever heartily to enter into it.—

There is enough, however, of it in the world to say, that this all-sacred system, which holds the world in harmony and peace, is too often the first object, that the giddy and inconsiderate make choice of to try the temper of their wits upon. Now, of the numbers who make this experiment,—do you believe that one in a thousand does it from conviction,——or from arguments which a course of study,——much cool reasoning,——and a sober enquiry into antiquity, and the true merits of the question, has furnished him with?——The years and way of life of the most forward of these, lead us to a different explanation.

Religion which lays so many restraints upon us, is a troublesome companion to those who will lay no restraints upon themselves;——and for this reason there is nothing more common to be observed, than that the little arguments and cavils, which such men have gathered up against it, in the early part of their lives,—how considerable soever they may have appeared, when viewed

through their passions and prejudices, which give an unnatural turn to all objects,——yet, when the edge of appetite has been worn down, and the heat of the pursuit pretty well over,——and reason and judgment have got possession of their empire———

——They seldom fail of bringing the lost sheep back to his fold.

May God bring us all there. Amen.

SERMON V.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

LUKE XV. 13.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all he had together, and took his journey into a far country.—

I KNOW not whether the remark is to our honour or otherwise, that lessons of wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart, through the groundwork of a story which engages the passions: Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, Is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth?

Whether this parable of the prodigal (for so it is usually called)——is really such, or built upon some story known at that time in Jerusalem, is not much to the purpose; it is given us to enlarge upon, and turn to the best moral account we can.

"A certain man, says our SAVIOUR, had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Give me the portion of goods which falls to me: and he divided unto them his substance. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

The account is short: the interesting and pathetic passages with which such a transaction would be necessarily connected, are left to be supplied by the heart:——the

ſtory is ſilent——but nature is not:——much kind advice, and many a tender expoſtulation would fall from the father's lips, no doubt, upon this occaſion.

He would diſſuade his ſon from the folly of ſo raſh an enterprize, by ſhewing him the dangers of the journey, ——the inexperience of his age,——the hazards his life, his fortune, his virtue would run, without a guide, without a friend: he would tell him of the many ſnares and temptations which he had to avoid, or encounter at every ſtep,——the pleaſures which would ſollicit him in every luxurious court,—the little knowledge he could gain—except that of evil: he would ſpeak of the ſeductions of women,—their charms——their poiſons:——what hapleſs indulgences he might give way to, when far from reſtraint, and the check of giving his father pain.

The diſſuaſive would but inflame his deſire.———

He gathers all together.———

——I ſee the picture of his departure:—the camels and aſſes loaden with his ſubſtance, detached on one ſide of the piece, and already on their way:——the prodigal ſon ſtanding on the foreground, with a forced ſedateneſs, ſtruggling againſt the fluttering movement of joy, upon his deliverance from reſtraint:——the elder brother holding his hand, as if unwilling to let it go:——the father,——ſad moment! with a firm look, covering a prophetic ſentiment, "that all would not go well with his child,"—approaching to embrace him, and bid him adieu.——Poor inconſiderate youth! From whoſe arms art thou flying? From what a ſhelter art thou going forth

into the ſtorm? Art thou weary of a father's affection, of a father's care? or, Hopeſt thou to find a warmer intereſt, a truer counſellor, or a kinder friend in a land of ſtrangers, where youth is made a prey, and ſo many thouſands are confederated to deceive them, and live by their ſpoils?

We will ſeek no further than this idea, for the extravagancies by which the prodigal ſon added one unhappy example to the number: his fortune waſted,——the followers of it fled in courſe,——the wants of nature remain,——the hand of GOD gone forth againſt him,——"*For when he had ſpent all, a mighty famine aroſe in that country.*"—Heaven! have pity upon the youth, for he is in hunger and diſtreſs,——ſtray'd out of the reach of a parent, who counts every hour of his abſence with anguiſh,——cut off from all his tender offices, by his folly,——and from relief and charity from others, by the calamity of the times.——

Nothing ſo powerfully calls home the mind as diſtreſs: the tenſe fibre then relaxes,——the ſoul retires to itſelf,——ſits penſive and ſuſceptible of right impreſſions: if we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindneſſes preſs upon our mind.——Gracious and bountiful GOD! Is it not for this, that they who in their proſperity forget thee, do yet remember and return to thee in the hour of their ſorrow? When our heart is in heavineſs, upon whom can we think but thee, who knoweſt our neceſſities afar off,—putteſt all our tears in thy bottle,——ſeeſt every careful thought,—heareſt every ſigh and melancholy groan we utter.——

Strange!—that we ſhould only begin to think of GOD

with comfort,—when with joy and comfort we can think of nothing else.

Man surely is a compound of riddles and contradictions: by the law of his nature he avoids pain, and yet *unless he suffers in the flesh, he will not cease from sin*, tho' it is sure to bring pain and misery upon his head for ever.

Whilſt all went pleasurably on with the prodigal, we hear not one word concerning his father——no pang of remorse for the sufferings in which he had left him, or resolution of returning, to make up the account of his folly: his firſt hour of diſtress, seem'd to be his firſt hour of wisdom:——*When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, whilſt I perish!*——

Of all the terrors of nature, that of one day or another dying by hunger, is the greateſt, and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to induſtry, and call forth his talents; and tho' we seem to go on carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors——yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his moſt frightful shape, will need no long remonſtrance, to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

It was the case of the prodigal——he arose to go unto his father.——

——Alas! How shall he tell his ſtory? Ye who have trod this round, tell me in what words he shall give in to his father, the sad *Items* of his extravagance and folly?

——The feaſts and banquets which he gave to whole

cities in the east,—the costs of Asiatick rarities,——and of Asiatick cooks to dress them——the expences of singing men and singing women,——the flute, the harp, the sackbut, and of all kinds of musick—the dress of the Persian courts, how magnificent! their slaves how numerous! ——their chariots, their horses, their palaces, their furniture, what immense sums they had devoured!—— what expectations from strangers of condition! what exactions!

How shall the youth make his father comprehend, that he was cheated at Damascus by one of the best men in the world;—that he had lent a part of his substance to a friend at Nineveh, who had fled off with it to the Ganges;—that a whore of Babylon had swallowed his best pearl, and anointed the whole city with his balm of Gilead;—that he had been sold by a man of honour for twenty shekels of silver, to a worker in graven images;——that the images he had purchased had profited him nothing;— that they could not be transported across the wilderness, and had been burnt with fire at Shusan;——that the apes* and peacocks, which he had sent for from Tharsis, lay dead upon his hands;and that the mummies had not been dead along enough, which had been brought him out of Egypt:——that all had gone wrong since the day he forsook his father's house.

——Leave the story——it will be told more concisely.——*When he was yet afar off, his father saw him,*—— Compassion told it in three words—*he fell upon his neck and kissed him.*

Great is the power of eloquence: but never is it so

[1] Vide 2 Chronicles IX. 21.

great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child ſtrayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears: Caſuiſts may ſettle the point as they will: But what could a parent ſee more in the account, than the natural one, of an ingenuous heart too open for the world, —ſmitten with ſtrong ſenſations of pleaſures and ſuffered to ſally forth unarm'd into the midſt of enemies ſtronger than himſelf?

Generoſity ſorrows as much for the over-matched, as pity herſelf does.

The idea of a ſon ſo ruin'd, would double the father's careſſes: every effuſion of his tenderneſs would add bitterneſs to his ſon's remorſe.———"Gracious heaven! what a father have I rendered miſerable!"

And he ſaid, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon.

But the father ſaid, Bring forth the beſt robe———

O ye affections! How fondly do you play at croſs-purpoſes with each other?——'Tis the natural dialogue of true tranſport: joy is not methodical; and where an offender, beloved, overcharges itſelf in the offence,——words are too cold; and a conciliated heart replies by tokens of eſteem.

And he ſaid unto his ſervants, Bring forth the beſt robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and ſhoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and let us eat and drink and be merry.

When the affections so kindly break loose, Joy, is another name for Religion.

We look up as we taſte it: the cold Stoick without, when he hears the dancing and the muſick, may ask ſullenly, (with the elder brother) What it means; and refuſe to enter: but the humane and compaſſionate all fly impetuously to the banquet, given *for a ſon who was dead and is alive again,——who was loſt and is found.* Gentle ſpirits, light up the pavillion with a ſacred fire; and parental love, and filial piety lead in the maſk with riot and wild feſtivity!——Was it not for this that GOD gave man muſick to ſtrike upon the kindly paſſions; that nature taught the feet to dance to its movements, and as chief governeſs of the feaſt, poured forth wine into the goblet, to crown it with gladneſs?

The intention of this parable is ſo clear from the occaſion of it, that it will not be neceſſary to perplex it with any tedious explanation: it was deſigned by way of indirect remonſtrance to the Scribes and Phariſees, who animadverted upon our SAVIOUR'S conduct, for entering ſo freely into conferences with ſinners, in order to reclaim them. To that end, he propoſes the parable of the ſhepherd, who left his ninety and nine ſheep that were ſafe in the fold, to go and ſeek for one ſheep that was gone aſtray,—telling them in other places, that they who were whole wanted not a phyſician,—but they that were ſick:—and here, to carry on the ſame leſſon, and to prove how acceptable ſuch a recovery was to GOD, he relates this account of the prodigal ſon and his welcome reception.

I know not whether it would be a ſubject of much edi-

fication to convince you here, that our SAVIOUR, by the prodigal son, particularly pointed at those who were *sinners of the Gentiles*, and were recovered by divine Grace to repentance;——and that by the elder brother, he intended as manifestly the more froward of the Jews, who envied their conversion, and thought it a kind of wrong to their primogeniture, in being made fellow-heirs with them of the promises of GOD.

These uses have been so ably set forth, in so many good sermons upon the prodigal son, that I shall turn aside from them at present, and content myself with some reflections upon that fatal passion which led him,——and so many thousands after the example, *to gather all he had together, and take his journey into a far country.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—— seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, tho' planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew our breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,——but as others are,——in it's mismanagement or excess;——order it rightly the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are——to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the

government and interest of other nations,——to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;——to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments——by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good*——by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what *is sincere*,——and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,——to look into ourselves and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home——carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original,—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out,—without *carte*,—without compass,——be not cast away for ever, —and may he not be said to escape well——if he returns to his country, only as naked, as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son——a scholar.———

If wisdom can speak in no other language but Greek or Latin,——you do well——or if mathematicks will make a man a gentleman,——or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,——he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done——but the upshot

will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address,——if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,——and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:——a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the *tour of Europe, with success.*

——That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;——for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken *Swiss valet de chambre,*—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months "IF GOD PERMIT,"—much knowledge will not accrue;——some profit, at least—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;——he will be carried to the best inns,——instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and the bargain himself.——Look at our governor! I beseech you:——see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.——

——And here endeth his pride—his knowledge and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe in the first place,—that company which is really good, is very rare——and very shy: but

you have surmounted this difficulty; and procured him the beſt letters of recommendation to the moſt eminent and reſpectable in every capital.——

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy ſtrictly ſtands obliged to pay on such occasions, —but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or ſtudy.

Conversation is a traffick; and if you enter into it, without some ſtock of knowledge, to ballance the account perpetually betwixt you,——the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,——however it may be boaſted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,——owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,— and ever lying in wait,—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

SERMON VI.

NATIONAL MERCIES CONSIDERED.

On the Inauguration of his present Majesty.

DEUTERONOMY vi. 20, 21.

And when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord our God hath commanded you? then thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharoah's bondsmen in Egypt, and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand.

THESE are the words which Moses left as a standing answer for the children of Israel to give their posterity, who in time to come might become ignorant, or unmindful of the many and great mercies, which GOD had vouchsafed to their forefathers; all which had terminated in that one of their deliverance out of bondage.

Tho' they were directed to speak in this manner, each man to his son, yet one cannot suppose, that the direction should be necessary for the next generation,—for the children of those who had been eye-witnesses of GODS' Providences: it does not seem likely that any of them should arrive to that age of reasoning, which would put them upon asking the supposed question, and not be, long before-hand, instructed in the answer. Every parent would tell his child the hardships of his captivity, and the amazing particulars of his deliverance: the story was so uncommon,——so full of wonder,——and withal, the recital of it would ever be a matter of such transport, it could not possibly be kept a secret:——the piety and

gratitude of one generation, would anticipate the curiosity of another;——their sons would learn the ſtory with their language.

This probably might be the case with the firſt or second race of people, but in process of time, things might take a different turn: a long and undiſturbed possession of their liberties, might blunt the sense of those providences of GOD, which had procured them, and set the remembrance of all his mercies, at too great a diſtance from their hearts. After they had for some years been eased of every real burthen, an excess of freedom might make them reſtless under every imaginary one, and amongſt others that of their religion: from thence they might seek occasion to enquire into the foundation and fitness of it's ceremonies, it's ſtatures, and it's judgments.

They might ask, What meant so many commands in matters which to them appeared indifferent in their own natures? What policy in ordaining them? and, What obligation could there lay upon reasonable creatures, to comply with a multitude of such unaccountable injunctions, so unworthy the wisdom of GOD?

Hereafter, possibly, they might go further lengths; and tho' their natural bent was generally towards superſtition, yet some adventurers, as is ever the case, might ſteer for the opposite coaſt, and as they advanced might discover that all religions of what denominations or complexions soever, were alike. That the Religion of their own country in particular, was a contrivance of the Prieſts and Levites,—a phantom dressed out in a terrifying garb oft heir own making, to keep weak minds in fear:——

that it's rites and ceremonies, and numberless injunctions, were so many different wheels in the same political engine, put in, no doubt, to amuse the ignorant, and keep them in such a ſtate of darkness, as clerical juggling requires.

That as for the moral part of it, tho' it was unexceptionable in itself——yet it was a piece of intelligence they did not ſtand in want of; men had natural reason always to have found it out,———and wisdom to have practiſed it, without Moses's aſſiſtance.

Nay, possibly, in process of time, they might arrive at greater improvements in religious controversy——when they had given their ſyſtem of infidelity all the ſtrength it could admit of from reason, they might begin to embellish it with some more sprightly conceits and turns of ridicule.

Some wanton Israelite, when he had eaten and was full, might give free scope and indulgence to this talent: as arguments and sober reasoning fail'd, he might turn the edge of his wit againſt types and symbols, and treat all the myſteries of his religion, and every thing that could be said upon so serious a subject with raillery and mirth: he might give vent to a world of pleasantry upon many sacred passages of his law: he might banter the golden calf, or the brazen serpent with great courage,——and confound himself in the diſtinctions of clean and unclean beaſts, by the desperate sallies of his wit againſt them.

He could but possibly take one ſtep further; when the land which flowed with milk and honey, had quite worn

out the impressions of his yoke, and blessings began to multiply upon his hands, he might draw this curious conclusion, that there was no Being who was the author and bestower of them,——but that it was their own arm, and the mightiness of Israelitish strength which had put them, and kept them in possession of so much happiness.

O Moses! How would thy meek and patient spirit have been put to the torture by such a return! If a propensity towards superstition in the Israelites, did once betray thee into an excess of anger, that thou threwest the two tables out of thy hands, which GOD had wrote, and carelessly hazarded'st the whole treasure of the world, ——with what indignation and honest anguish wouldst thou have heard the scoffings of those who denied the hand which brought them forth, and said, Who is GOD, that we should obey his voice? With what force and vivacity wouldst thou have reproached them with the history of their own nation:——that if too free an enjoyment of GOD's blessings, had made them forget to look backwards,——it was necessary to remind them, that their forefathers were Pharoah's bondsmen in Egypt, without prospect of deliverance; that the chains of their captivity had been fixed and rivetted by a succession of four hundred and thirty years, without the interruption of one struggle for their liberty: That after the expiration of that hopeless period, when no natural means favoured the event, they were snatched almost against their own wills, out of the hands of their oppressors, and led through a ocean of dangers, to the possession of a land of plenty:—that this change in their affairs, was not the produce of chance or fortune,—or was it projected or executed by

any atchievement or plan of human device, which might soon again be defeated by superior ſtrength or policy from without, or from force of accidents from within, from change of circumſtances, humours and passions of men, all which generally had a sway in the rise and fall of kingdoms,——but that all was brought about by the power and goodness of GOD, who saw and pitied the afflictions of a diſtressed people, and by a chain of great and mighty deliverances, set them free from the yoke of oppression.

That since that miraculous escape, a series of successes not to be accounted for by second causes, and the natural course of events, had demonſtrated not only GOD's providence in general, but his particular providence and attachment to them——that nations greater and mightier than they, were driven out before them, and their lands given to them for an everlaſting possession.——

This was what they should teach their children, and their children's children after them.—Happy generations, for whom so joyful a lesson was prepared! happy indeed! had ye at all times known to have made the use of it, which Moses continually exhorted,——*of drawing nigh unto God with all your hearts, who had been so nigh unto you.*

And here let us drop the argument, as it reſpects the Jews, and for a moment turn it towards ourselves: the present occasion, and the recollection which is natural upon it, of the many other parts of this complicated blessing vouchsafed to us, since we became a nation, making it hard to desiſt from such an application.

I begin with the first in order of time, as well as the greatest of national deliverances,——our deliverance from darkness and idolatry, by the conveyance of the light which Christianity brought with it into Britain, so early as in the life-time of the apostles themselves,—or at furthest, not many years after their death.

Tho' this might seem a blessing conveyed and offered to us in common with other parts of the world, yet when you reflect upon this as a remote corner of the earth in respect of Judea,——its situation and inaccessibleness as an island,—the little that was then known of navigation, ——or carried on of commerce,——the large tract of land which to this day remains unhallowed with the name of CHRIST, and almost in the neighbourhood of where the first glad tidings of him were founded——One cannot but adore the goodness of GOD, and remark a more particular Providence in it's conveyance and establishment here, than amongst other nations upon the continent,——where, tho' the oppositions from error and prejudice were equal, it had not these natural impediments to encounter.

Historians and statesmen, who generally search every where for the causes of events, but in the pleasure of Him who disposes of them, may make different reflections upon this. They may consider it as a matter incidental, brought to pass by the fortuitous ambition, success and settlement of the Romans here; it appearing, that in Claudius's reign, when Christianity began to get footing in Rome, that near eighty thousand of that city and people were fixed in this island: as this made a free communication betwixt the two places, the way for the gospel was

in course open, and it's transition from the one to the other, natural and easy to be accounted for——and yet, nevertheless, providential. GOD often suffers us to pursue the devices of our hearts, whilst he turns the course of them, like the rivers of waters, to bountiful purposes. Thus, he might make that pursuit of glory inherent in the Romans, the engine to advance his own, and establish it here: he might make the wickedness of the earth, to work his own righteousness, by suffering them to wander a while beyond their proper bounds, till his purposes were fulfilled, and, *then put his hook into their nostrils*, and lead those wild beasts of prey back again into their own land.

Next to this blessing of the light of the gospel, we must not forget that by which it was preserved from the danger of being totally smothered and extinguished, by that vast swarm of barbarous nations, which came down upon us from the north, and shook the world like a tempest; changing names and customs, and language and government, and almost the very face of nature wherever they fixed. That our religion should be preserved at all, when every thing else seemed to perish, which was capable of change,—or, that it should not be hurt under that mighty weight of ruins, beyond the recovery of it's former beauty and strength,——the whole can be ascribed to no cause so likely as this, That the same power of GOD which sent it forth, was present to support it——when the whole frame of other things gave way.

Next in degree to this mercy of preserving Christianity from an utter extinction,——we must reckon that of being enabled to preserve, and free it from corruptions,

which the rust of time,——the abuses of men, and the natural tendency of all things to degeneracy, which are trusted to them, had from time to time introduced into it.

Since the day in which this reformation was began, by how many strange and critical turns has it been perfected and handed down, if not, *entirely without spot or wrinkle*, ——at least, without great blotches or marks of anility.

Even the blow which was suffered to fall upon it shortly after, in that period where our history looks so unlike herself, stain'd, Mary, by thee, and disfigured with blood: ——can one reflect upon it, without adoring the Providence of GOD, which so speedily snatched the sword of persecution out of her hand,—making her reign as short as it was merciless.

If GOD then made us, as he did the Israelites, suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock, how much more signal was his mercy in giving them to us without money, without price, in those good days which followed, when a long and a wise reign was as necessary to build up our church, as a short one was before to save it from ruins.——

——The b'essing was necessary,—
——and it was granted.——

GOD having multiplied the years of that renowned princess to an uncommon number, giving her time, as well as a heart, to fix a wavering persecuted people, and settle them upon such foundation as must make them happy;——the touch-stone, by which they are to be tried, whom GOD has entrusted with the care of kingdoms.

Blessed be thy glorious name for ever and ever, in making that test so much easier for the British, than other princes of this earth; whose subjects, whatever other changes they have felt, have seldom happened upon that of changing their misery, and it is to be feared, are never likely, so long as they are kept so strongly bound in chains of darkness,—and chains of power.

From both these kinds of evils, which are almost naturally connected together, How providential was our escape in the succeeding reign, when all the choice blood was bespoke and preparations made to offer it up at one sacrifice.

I would not intermix the horrors of that black projected festival, with the glories of this; or name the sorrows of the next reign, which ended in the subversion of our constitution, was it not necessary to pursue the thread of our deliverances through those times, and remark how nigh GOD'S Providence was to us in them both, by protecting us from the one, in as signal a manner, as he restored us from the other.

Indeed the latter of them, might have been a joyless matter of remembrance to us at this day, had it not been confirmed a blessing by a succeeding escape, which sealed and conveyed it safe down to us: whether it was to correct an undue sense of former blessings,—or to teach us to reflect upon the number and value of them, by threatening us with the deprivation of them,—we were suffered, however, to approach the edge of a precipice, where, if GOD had not raised up a deliverer to lead us back——all had been lost:——the arts of Jesuitry had

decoy'd us forwards, or if that had failed, we had been push'd down by open force, and our destruction had been inevitable.

The good consequences of that deliverance are such, that it seemed as if GOD had suffered our waters, like those of Bethesda, to be troubled, to make them afterwards more healing to us; since to the account of that day's blessing, we charge the enjoyment of every thing since, worth a free man's living for,——the revival of our liberty, our religion; the just rights of our kings,——and the just rights of our people,——and along with all, that happy provision for their continuance, for which we are returning thanks to GOD this day.

Let us do it, I beseech you, in the way which becomes wise men, by pursuing the intentions of his blessings, and making a better use of them than our forefathers, who sometimes seem'd to grow weary of their own happiness: ——let us rather thank GOD for the good land which he has given us; and when we begin to prosper in it, and have built goodly houses and dwelt therein,——and when our silver and our gold is multiplied, and all that we have is multiplied, let the instances of our virtue and benevolence be multiplied with them, that the great and mighty GOD, who is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works, may in the last day of accounting with us, judge us worthy of the mercies we have received.

In vain are days set apart to celebrate successful occurrences, unless they influence a nation's morals:——a sinful people can never be grateful to GOD,——nor can they, properly speaking, be loyal to their prince;—they

cannot be grateful to the one,—because they live not under a sense of his mercies,——nor can they be loyal to the other, because they disengage the Providence of God from taking his part,——and then giving a heart to his adversaries to be intractable.—

And therefore, what was said by some one, That every sin was a treason against the soul, may be applied here, ——That every wicked man is a traitor to his king and his country. And, whatever statesmen may write of the causes of the rise and fall of nations;—for the contrary reasons, a good man will ever be found, to be the best patriot and the best subject: and tho' an individual may say, What can my righteousness profit a nation of men? it may be answered, That if it should fail of a blessing here,—— it will have one advantage at least, which is this,

It will save thy own soul; which may God grant. Amen.

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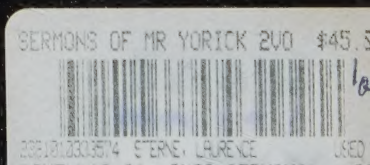
SERMONS OF MR YORICK 2VO $45.
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